

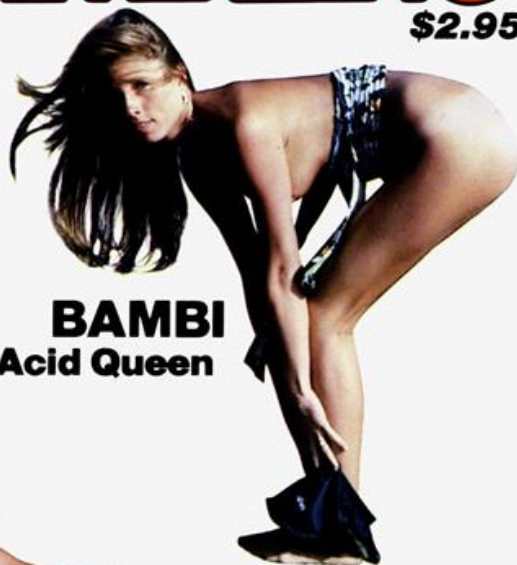
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HIGH TIMES

August '82

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HIGH TIMES

No. 84 August '82

FEATURES

Interview: David Smith, M.D. by Dean Latimer

Founder of the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic and once health adviser to Pres. Jimmy Carter, Dr. David Smith is regarded as one of America's foremost experts on drug abuse. In a wide-ranging discussion, Dr. Smith examines such concepts as the causes of drug abuse, the addictive personality, the role of drug rehabilitation centers, and drugs and sexual dysfunction

Special Cocaine Confidential: The Milk Farm by Tony D. Press

Have you ever heard the old saying that a man traveling around the country trying to move ten ki's of coke from the back of a '78 Chevy station wagon shouldn't stop in local bars to pick up strange girls and then go home with them for wild sex no matter how big their tits are? No? Well, you have now, and after reading The Milk Farm, you'll know why.

Centerfold: The White Man's Burden

Acid on the Rocks by Walker Brother

Pip's in his VW bus heading up to the mountains for some R&R. Bambi's in her halter top and cutoffs tryin' to hitch a ride out of Malibu. The VW stops, Bambi gets in and 5,000 miles of sunshine later they're both rolling in the dirt, becoming one with the universe and each other.

I Love Lucidity by Peter Cherches

Remember Lucidity, that wacky redhead whose husband worked at the Chiquita Cabana, played the bongos and sang "Babalu"? And remember how jealous she'd get every time Rickety would audition a beautiful new singer for his nightclub act? Well, Lucidity's back with fire in her eyes and a machete in her hands, and if Rickety doesn't watch his step he and the whole Rickety Batista Orchestra will be playing their next gig *sin cojones*.

HIGHWITNESS NEWS

State Dept. Makes Bogus Link to Castro's Dope Connection . . . Russian Prof Framed for Pot . . . Paraquat Set to Poison Fla., Ga. . . Kids Abandon Grass . . . More Kids Embrace Uppers . . . Coke Condoms Crash Kennedy Airport . . . Hawaii's Pot Prophet Wins Another Round

Trans-High Market Quotations

DEPARTMENTS

Flashes Andy Hardy, Peter the Great and Maria Duval
Connoisseur What's your favorite dope song?
Abuse Folio Freebase
Grow American Sinsemilla stories
Seeds 'n' Stems Nuclear Survival Catalogue; Kinky picks the flicks
High Times Classified
Sounds Doug Sahm: All the way from Austin
Media Paul Krassner remembers Belushi



Cover photos by (top row, left to right) Movie Star News, UPI, Steven R. Nickerson, The Walker Brothers; (bottom row) Jack Abraham, Ed Rottinger.



38 The World Toughman Contest

by Tom Kinney
 All over America fighting men are signing up for a chance at the blood-and-guts lottery known as the Toughman competition. Toughman has gotten a bad rap from everybody except the fans—and, of course, the combatants themselves, vying for \$80,000 in prize money tonight at the World Toughman Contest.



97 Last Words: John Carpenter's The Thing

by Michael Wilmington
 With films such as *Halloween* and *The Fog*, director John Carpenter caused about half his audience to soil their pants in animal terror. With his remake of *The Thing*, he goes after the holdouts (or "holdins," as the case may be).

HIGH TIMES

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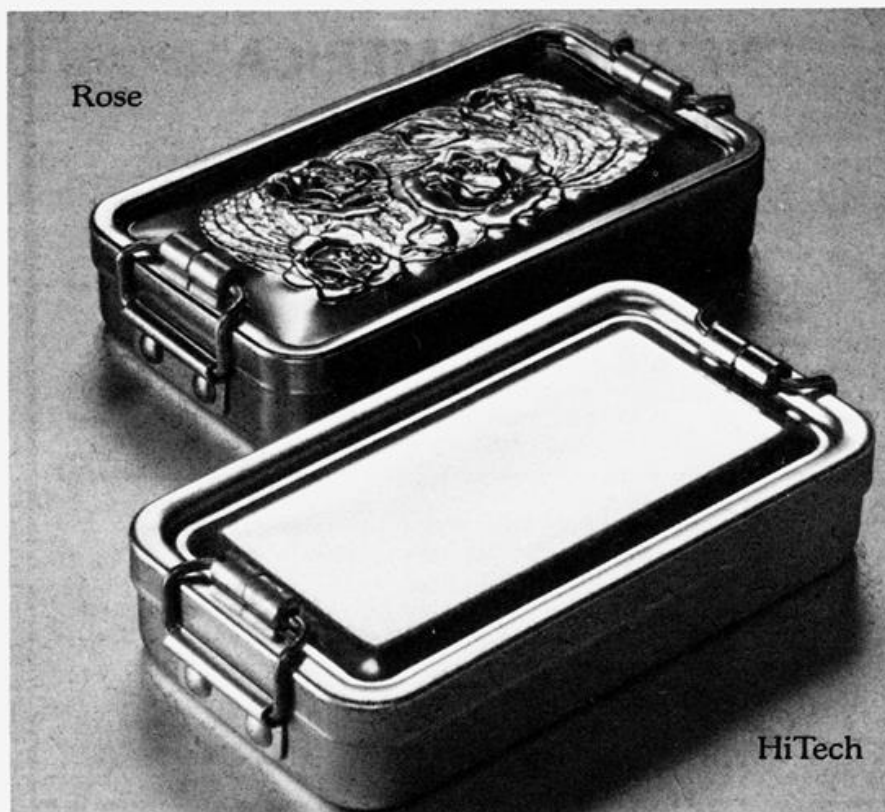
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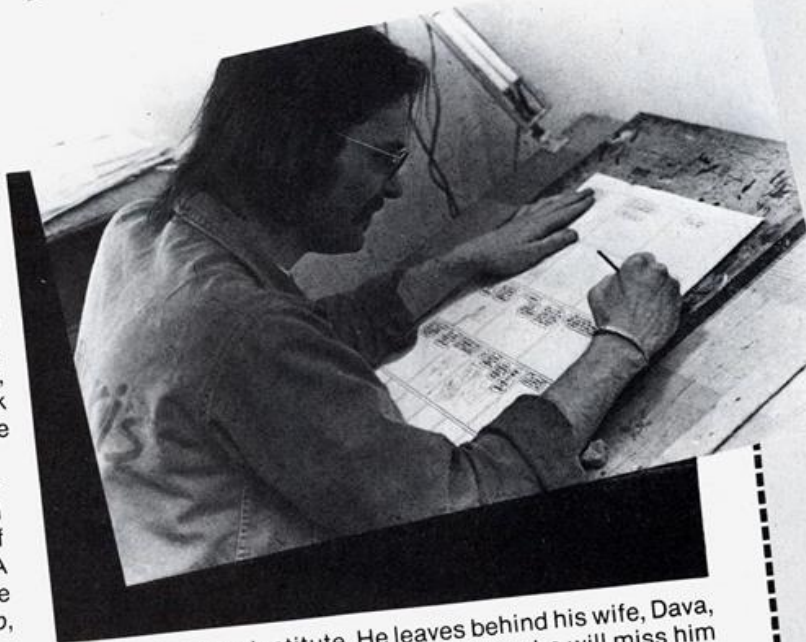
HIGH TIMES

DAVID SHERIDAN, 1944-1982

David Sheridan, an artist and cartoonist well known to all HIGH TIMES readers, has died of cancer in San Francisco at age 38. Sheridan's most recent contribution to HIGH TIMES was a May '82 Dr. McDope feature that he collaborated on with Dr. Ron Siegel. In addition to Dr. McDope, Sheridan created such 'toon favorites as the Leather Nun, Buster Foyt, Dealer McDope (Dr. McDope's twin brother) and the Nerds. Most recently, Sheridan worked on the comic series Fabulous Freak Brothers with Paul Mavrides and Gilbert Shelton, the strip's creator.

Along with his work for numerous national magazines such as HIGH TIMES and Playboy, Sheridan had produced a bundle of underground comics for Rip Off Press, Inc., Print Mint and Last Gasp Eco Funnies. A paperback collection of his best work with longtime friend and collaborator Fred Shrier, entitled *Mindwarp*, has been published by And/Or Press of Berkeley.

David Sheridan was raised in Cleveland and attended the Cleveland Art Institute. He leaves behind his wife, Dava, his daughter, Dorothy Rae, and a mother, brother and sister. Plus a whole lot of fans and friends who will miss him and his unique talent deeply.



KNOW THY PSYCHOACTIVES

Fifteen years ago Dr. David Smith (former health adviser to then-president Jimmy Carter, founder of the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic, noted author, and the man responsible for our monthly Abuse Folio) began a periodical in San Francisco entitled *Journal of Psychedelic Drugs*. Originally conceived as a publication that would concern itself with the various types of drugs being used in the Haight-Ashbury community, the periodical was forced to expand its geographical and substantive base as the popularity of recreational drug use dramatically increased.

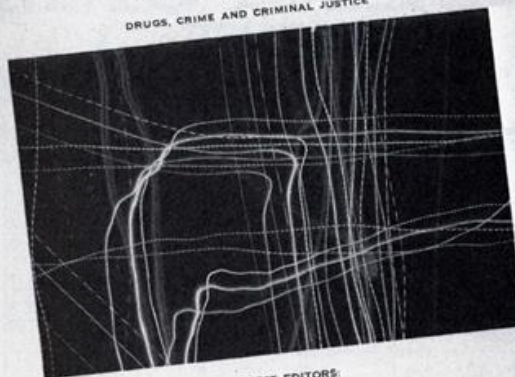
Today the *Journal of Psychoactive Drugs* (as it is now called to better reflect the broad range of its considerations) is regarded as one of the most prestigious in its field, having built up an international reputation as a respected and authoritative periodical. Within its pages one may find articles such as: "Psychedelic Drugs and Religion," "Plant Hallucinogens," "The Cocaine Culture," "Drugs and Eros" and much more.

The *Journal of Psychoactive Drugs* is a quarterly (that means it comes out four times a year, not that it costs a quarter) and is offered for subscription at \$40 a year. Make all checks payable to: Journal of Psychoactive Drugs, 409 Clayton St., San Francisco, CA 94117.

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DRUGS, CRIME AND CRIMINAL JUSTICE



GUEST EDITORS:
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NUMBER 3

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ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY

AVE MARIA DUVAL

Maria Duval has a problem. Her director is telling her to stick her ass out and be sexy. "Can somebody around here please show this girl how to walk. This play's about strippers, not cheerleaders!" Well, Catholic boarding schools leave deep scars, we guess, but still, having to show Maria how to be sexy is kinda like having to show a honeydew melon how to be round.

Just in case you haven't heard, Maria Duval is a multitalented, bilingual, bicoastal individual who's worked her way from New York to Hollywood and back, and now finds herself poised at the edge of big time. She's starred in a bunch of plays written by Tom Eyen (whose *Dreamgirls* is currently the hottest show on Broadway), including: *Women behind Bars*, *Beauty and the Beast* (she played Beauty), *White Whores* and *Neon Women*. She's also spent two years in Europe as a high-fashion model, sang with the bands the Four Escalators and the Dinosaurs and has just completed her first solo record, a 12-inch single, "Never Gonna Give It Up," which she cowrote with producer Busta Jones.

When she's not acting, singing or writing, how does Maria relax? We wondered. Does she smoke? No. Does she drink? No. Does she buy up a whole bunch of fancy clothes and then wear them to the rock clubs and dance till some famous European film director spots her and takes her home for sex? Forget it! "I don't do anything wild," says Maria. "Now you'll have to excuse me 'cause I gotta go home and practice my striptease; I think I'm just beginning to get the hang of it."



Peter O

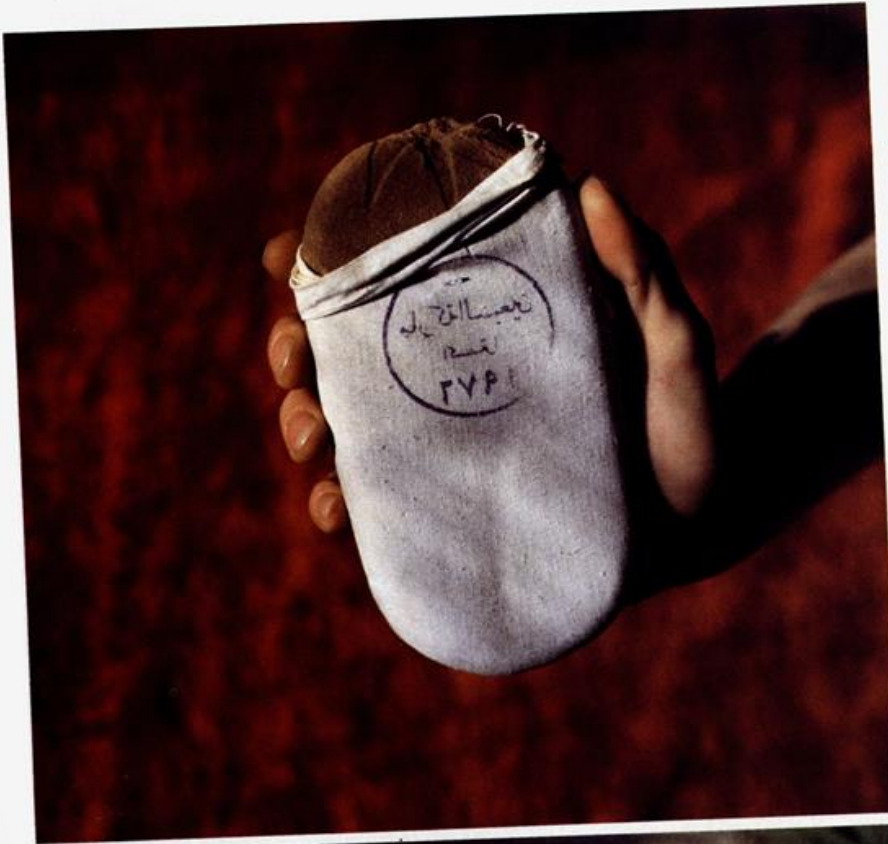
GREAT MOMENTS IN COCA-COLA HISTORY



Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland, right? Probably in a scene from one of those Andy Hardy-type movies they were always doing together, right? Just a picture of a couple of healthy American kids sippin' Coke at the ol' soda fountain, right? HA! What you're actually seeing here is...er...is a picture...uh...a never-before-released special and exclusive HIGH TIMES picture that...um...that you probably couldn't get to see anywhere else even if you asked, and that's showing...uh...showing something...Okay, what you're seeing here is Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland sipping Coke at a soda fountain in one of those Andy Hardy movies, period. Absolutely nothing more. The straws didn't pop out of their mouths and into their nostrils just seconds after this photo was snapped, and Judy didn't become a coke whore and her heinie wasn't pimped away on the streets of Pleasantville by a malevolent and sexually edacious Mickey. Nothing like that happened at all. Sure, it would be nice if it did; it would make good copy and my job a whole lot easier, but it didn't, and that's that. And I'll never bother you again with sophomore shit-ass stuff like this 'cause I'm quitting and going to live in Europe forever, until I die.

—George Barkin, Associate Editor

FLASHES



Hands Across the Water (Pipe)

It's hands that have made this country great. Hands attached to arms attached to bodies attached to heads. And what better way to thank a pair of hands than by letting them hold something swell. These two readers have the right idea: They're saying "Thank you" to their hands by letting them hold some excellent dope. In turn, their hands will reciprocate by trimming, chopping, crumbling, rolling and lighting matches. Their hands will also be ready to point a finger, sign a confession or pray for mercy if anything goes wrong. When was the last time you said "Thank you" to your hands?



GIVE SHAKE A BREAK

Editor:

I am one sinsemilla grower who condemns manicuring and has ceased the practice. The initial reaction of most of my buyers was predictable, but once I explained the logic behind it, exclamations turned from "What's all this shake shit?!" to "Hey, that's a good idea!"

Manicuring is time-consuming, meticulous work, and the entire time the buds are getting fucked: by the manicuring scissors, by your fingers and, finally, by the Baggies—which includes God knows how many cheese-head ripoff artists with big hands and acute cases of Baggie-squeezitis. How many times have you polished off a quarter ounce of fresh primo bud, only to find half your high stuck to the inside of the bag? Why mess with Mother Nature's packaging? Leave the shake on and keep the crystal structure where it belongs, on the bracts. If you're that much of a connoisseur that you don't want to smoke the shake, don't! Just trim it off as you're removing the bud from the stem and I'm sure you'll find someone who will. I'll tell you what, it smokes a hell of a lot smoother than plastic!

—"J"

St. Petersburg, Fla.

TWO TOKES FOR TEXAS



Editor:

Thought we'd send you a picture of what sinse in West Texas looks like, being as how we've never seen you flash any bud from this part of the Lone Star State. This particular stuff was planted April 22, harvested October 31 and smoked all year long.

—Farmer of the Year
Levelland, Tex.



TATTOOING

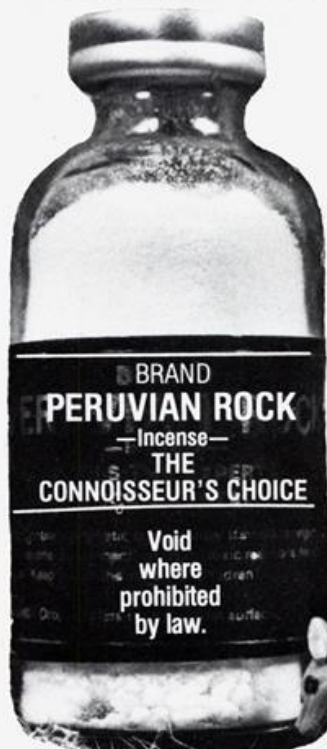
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FLASH

AUSTRIAN KNOWS BEST

Editor:
Since I'm doing time on a trumped-up drug rap here in Austria, I thought I would have a friend of mine send me a HIGH TIMES so that I could check out the THMQ for the statesiders; but after looking at the prices quoted for Europe and Africa I decided that the THMQ is a bunch of shit!

First of all, there's no such thing as "double O" in Morocco—"O" is the highest grade. "Premare" is the thing people buy because there isn't a person in all of Morocco who can arrange to have a pound of "O" in one place, at one time. The so-called double O is just premare that costs twice as much—your typical tourist-trap deal.

Now, on to Holland and Germany. Everybody knows that, one: all the smoke in Germany comes from Holland; and two: no one sells dope at a loss. So how come you have smoke going for less in Germany? I also noticed that you had "Black Afghani" listed in the THMQ. Well, forget it, 'cause that stuff hasn't been around since 1980.

I showed your THMQ to my Austrian and German buddies here and we all had a good laugh over it, because it makes your staff, who are supposed to be "big-time heads," look like fools. So print the facts, and if you don't know them, use the old rule-of-thumb that says divide the German prices in half and that's what you'll pay in Holland, unless of course you're a tourist or a dumkopf.

—Ben Lobensommer
Salzburg, Austria

ALL DRESSED UP AND LOST IN THE OZONE

Editor:
I have experienced life through mind-altering substances for 12 years. I have mastered the reality of life through the use of these substances. I have also mastered my being with these substances.

I am now ready to start learning reality, beings in all forms and, most of all, human beings in their universe.

—Glen R. Click
Decatur, Ill.

Mazel tov.—Ed.

POLITE GUY

Editor:
Regarding the article "High Hitler," by Irv Yarg (HIGH TIMES, May '82). Page 52, paragraph two, sentence four, reads as follows: "Methedrine was originally named Dolophine after Adolf Hitler." Mr. Yarg appears to have his facts mixed up a little bit. Dolophine is the registered trade name for *methadone*, NOT *methedrine*. Just thought that your readers deserved this correction, regardless of what impact it has on the credibility of the article as a whole.

—H.G.H.

Hawthorne, Calif.

Thanks, H.G. Out of all the letters we received regarding this matter (we acknowledge the mistake was a careless proofreading error), yours was the only one that didn't call us names and try to make us look like a bunch of retards. Thanks again.—Ed.

HOLD THE MAYO

Editor:
I read in the April issue of HIGH TIMES how the Washington police were making phony marijuana and selling it in the street. Here at the Casa Vinny Restaurant-Deli, in Bay City, Michigan, we were doing that sort of thing ten years ago. We'd mix oregano, tarragon, sugar and sweet basil together and put it on the menu as a Cannabis Sandwich. They really went well. We are thinking of reviving that sandwich again and using that same delicious mixture as a dressing for all our sandwiches. This might be of interest to your readers.

—Salvatory Losito
Bay City, Mich.

And the Bay City police.—Ed.

CORRECTIONS

In the "Last Words" section of our March '82 issue, we printed the incorrect phone number for Tucson, Arizona's, telephone service Dial-a-Story. The telephone number should read (602) 326-1123. We regret any inconvenience this may have caused. Then there was the photo credit we neglected to accord Don Schlitten for his shot of Thelonious Monk on page 93 of our June issue. Again, we apologize. □



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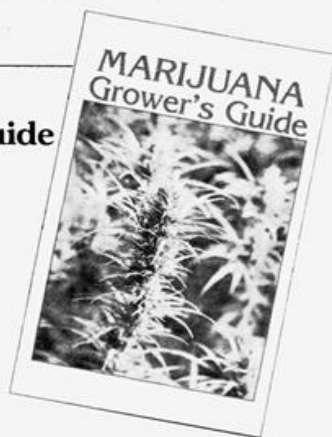
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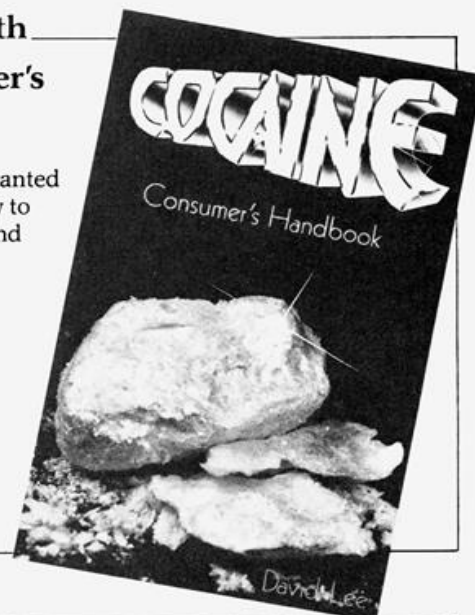
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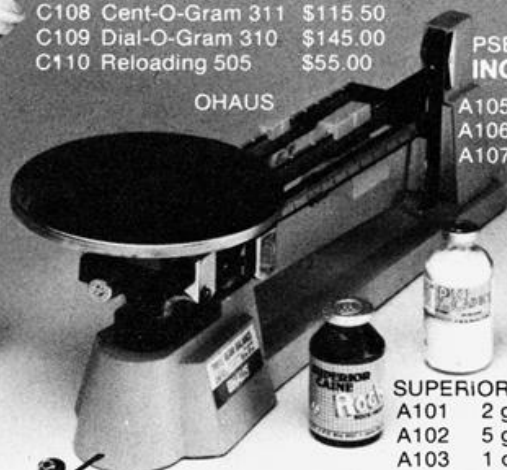


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So there I was at a party, once again tirelessly researching the latest developments in contemporary cannabis taste, when the subject of all-time great dope-culture songs came up and became—until I came up with the answer—an obsession with your Connoisseur.

A special extra-long version of Rita Marley's song "Sinsemilla" * was playing on the stereo, insinuating itself in a hypnotic and seductive way into the conversation, weaving a musical trance over the room. Somebody was passing me a particularly tasty Central American sinsemilla to smoke. Gathered around me were the usual knot of supplicants plying the Connoisseur with burnt offerings and begging his blessings on their buds.

But it was hard to pay attention to the marijuana: my mind was on the music. Yes, Rita Marley's "Sinsemilla" was a wonderful, playful, jaunty, sexy evocation of the anticipation and pleasure of copping some kaya. But in characteristic Connoisseur fashion, my thoughts were fixated on questions of ultimate quality. What was the ultimate dope song? The single song that best cap-

THE DOPE ANTHEM *by "R."*

What was the ultimate dope song? The single song that best captures the spirit and the soul of the smoke?

tures the spirit and the soul of the smoke?

The song I was seeking wouldn't necessarily be about marijuana in content. It might not even mention the weed once. But it had to capture the special flavor of the experience that smokers, growers, smugglers and connoisseurs enjoy; had to embody the essence of the culture created around the herb high.

Could there be a single song that carried that weight? I thought I had a candidate.

My mind drifted back to a strange smoke-easy and safe house I came to know back in the mid '70s in the heart of

the Big Kilo. It was a two-room place in Greenwich Village, but one room was crowded to the ceiling with very large, very cheap suitcases, either crammed with, or recently emptied of, glowing two-kilo bricks of Colombian gold. The other room was corked and carpeted and curtained from the outside world, illuminated mainly by the blood red glow of an artificial fireplace complete with bogus-seeming Naugahyde logs.

There was a rec room-type bar behind which a shadowy, taciturn figure would roll joint after joint from heaps of prime pod spilling out of sample bags.

Presiding over this strange milieu was none other than HIGH TIMES founder Tom Forcade. And pervading the murky, mysterious atmosphere, so totally, so constantly, that it became a kind of fixture embedded in the architecture, was a single song played by the proprietor over and over until it was worn smooth of grooves and he'd send one of his assistants out to buy another.

The song was Eric Clapton's version of Elmore James's "Key to the Highway."

I've heard that song since, in certain junctures of intrigue with an international import-export trade context, if you catch my drift. Places where people have to do a lot of waiting. Impatient people who are used to being out on the highway, out on the high seas, high on the outlaw way of life. I've heard it in waterfront mansions overlooking inland waterways while boats are being readied. I've heard it in snow-bound mountain cabins where it drowned out conversations I'd be excluded from anyway, but where winter handshakes can launch a thousand ships in the summer.

For some reason, that song has an undeniable appeal to a certain type of personality attracted to outlaw, adventurer intrigue, daring-and-danger freaks, as opposed to the headphone-and-hot-tub hedonist segment of the dope-smoking culture.

What is it about that line—"I got the key to the highway"—that slow, majestic, driving, relentless repetition of bass line and refrain that has made "Key to the Highway" the true all-time inside smuggler song?

In fact, it's become a kind of anthem for a whole subculture, almost a secret society, of soldiers of fortune, boatmen, truckers, pilots and pirates who have moved mountains of Mexican and continents of Colombian across the border to the smoke-filled rooms of America.

But it's a song that's not really about marijuana at all on the surface, although certain key words like "highway," "border" and, in fact, "key," are resonant with implications within the subculture.

But what it's really about
continued on next page

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CONNOISSEUR

continued from preceding page

is moving. It's a classic road song. A driving song. A driving-long-distances-for-forty-eight-hours-with-a-truck-full-of-trouble-if-you're-ever-stopped song.

It's got that wonderful Kerouacian sense of pure fuck-it-all delight even amidst danger and chaos, the delight of moving, of being on the road for any reason at all; falling under the hypnotic spell of the sound of your tires, stretching out and luxuriating in the majestic dimensions of America, rolling through the night on an adrenaline high.

Majestic. That's the only way to describe the mood Clapton creates in his version. A majestic stoicism, a grand go-for-broke romanticism. Some songs by other artists approach it—"Old '55" and "Take It to the Limit" by the Eagles; "Like a Rolling Stone" by Dylan; "Thunder Road" and "Born to Run" by Bruce Springsteen; "Tumblin' Dice" and "Sweet Virginia" by the Stones and "Ramblin' Man" by the Allman Brothers—but somehow some of them are a little shrill, a little hysterical, a little over the edge, while "Key to the Highway" has a kind of oceanic serenity beneath its rolling gait.

More than that, it holds up for long stretches of repeat playing—a true test. After a while it insinuates itself into the rhythms of your cortex so deeply that you become addicted. It becomes a necessary part of your ground of being. I'm convinced that Tom Forcade was a "Key to the Highway" junkie for several years. But it's one of those positive addictions that adds rather than detracts from the quality of life. Because somehow the song embodies that inspirational, exhilarating sense of freedom that only outlaws (and all of us who smoke grass are still outlaws these days) can experience.

The essence of the outlaw experience—of the American experience for that matter—is that Huck Finn-sense of moving on, taking off beyond the tameness of the settled; rolling into the unknown, yet-to-be-experienced continent. And it's still possible to have that experience of unknown wonder opening up for you even though America is physically fully settled. The key to the highway now is a lid of fine herb and a sense of wonder. The highway may now take you through a mental landscape or a spiritual wilderness or a perceptual freeway, but the key is still in your grasp.

Great dope songs capture this rap without spelling it out like this. I know my choice—however authentic and tasteful it is—will be another hot topic of controversy, but let's get some suggestions from you readers of your all-time favorite dope songs. Imagine you're making a classic dope movie and you want to put together a soundtrack of the all-time ten-best smoking songs. Send in your nominations and we'll see what the results sound like. □

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SPECIAL REPORT

STATE DEPT. MAKES BOGUS LINK TO CASTRO'S DOPE CONNECTION

by Segundo Sombra

M I A M I, F L O R I D A

FOR OBSERVERS OF THE CARIBBEAN COLD War, add dope trafficking to the State Department's propaganda blitz against Cuba. This charge surfaced not long ago when the assistant secretary of state for Latin American Affairs, Thomas Enders, told the Senate Subcommittee on Security and Terrorism that "since 1980, the Castro regime has been using a Colombian narcotics ring to funnel arms as well

as funds to Colombian M-19 guerrillas." Remember the M-19 from their weeks-long siege of the Dominican Embassy in Bogotá where they held U.S. ambassador Diego Asencio and other diplomats hostage.

The State Department's case rests largely on the activities of a dope mobster from Barranquilla, Jaime Guillot Lara, who is currently serving time in a Mexico City jail. Guillot fled to Mexico after his last arms shipment operation to the M-19 was busted wide open last December by the Colombian authorities.

According to Enders, Guillot "has admitted to working for Havana in purchasing arms for the M-19." Enders also said that Guillot had traveled twice to Cuba since October 1981, and on his second visit "he received \$700,000 from the Cuban government for arms purchases."

Still other sources from the DEA and the Dade County, Florida, police were quoted in a UPI report indicating that on one of his trips, Guillot met Raul Castro, Fidel's brother, to arrange "his access to Cuban ports for refueling, re-

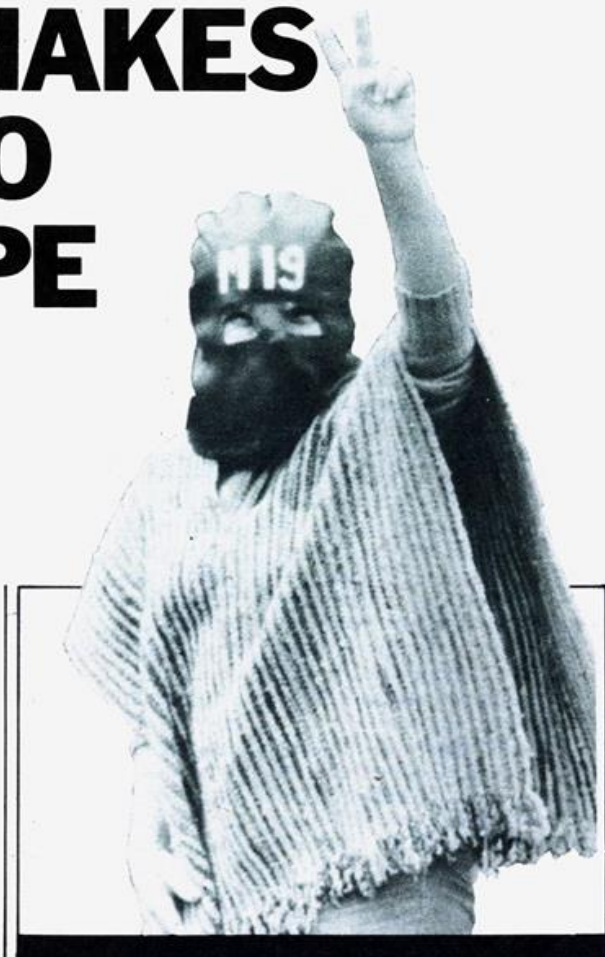
pairing and evading the Coast Guard." The report is not clear as to whether this agreement was restricted solely to the arms shipments paid by Cuba, or also included Guillot's reputed *marimba*-running ventures.

More recently, new stories have appeared that claim Castro is cooperating with dope traffickers to allow drugs to subvert the United States from within. Trumpeted the *National Enquirer*: "Cuban dictator Fidel Castro is flooding America with illegal drugs to destroy our na-

tion's youth." The sole sources for this account are two narcotics detectives from Jersey City, New Jersey. Other, more reliable media, however, are guilty of jumping to the same barely substantiated conclusion.

In fact, the U.S. government is doing a 180-degree about-face with its Castro-Colombian dope link. Rather than encouraging smugglers, Castro had earlier been portrayed as jailing them. Anti-Castro Cuban exiles based in Miami have been behind

continued on page 24



UPI

BOMBS AWAY

PARAQUAT SET TO POISON FLA., GA.

by Michael Dorgan

IF THE HIGHLY TOXIC herbicide paraquat is used to eradicate U.S. marijuana plots, as is being urged by the federal Drug Enforcement Administration, the scenic hills of Mendocino County, California, would seem a likely target. Mendocino is, after all, one of the nation's leading marijuana-growing areas.

But Mendocino County district attorney Joe Allen says anyone planning to spray paraquat in his county had better think twice.

"They'll shoot"

"There is a great deal of feeling up here—not in any way limited to the people who grow marijuana—that paraquat is an extremely dangerous chemical with a high potential for polluting water supplies, wells and grazing areas for livestock, and for doing damage to perfectly legal crops and for getting into the food chain of wild animals," says Allen. "As a consequence, and because people up here tend to be heavily armed, I think it's a virtual certainty that attempts would be made to shoot down any low-flying aircraft seen to be dispersing paraquat."

Whether residents of other counties and other states would go to such extremes to express their opposition to paraquat is difficult to predict but may soon be known. Ever since last December, when Congress lifted a ban imposed in 1978 on U.S. funding for paraquat spraying in other countries, pressure has been mounting to use the herbicide at home.

The reason for the pressure, it appears, has less to do with the practical benefits of the herbicide in domestic eradication programs than with the eagerness of U.S. officials to send a message to foreign countries—particularly Colombia and Mexico, the major suppliers of imported pot. The message would read: We're not asking you to do anything in your countries that we're not willing to do in our own.

U.S. Sacrifices for Colombia

That the United States would like Colombia and Mexico to marinate their pot in paraquat was made clear by the prez last fall at the meeting of the Organization of American States in Mexico. That the pressure to use paraquat at home is linked to the encouragement that it be used abroad was clearly indicated in recent testimony before the House Foreign Affairs Committee in Washington.

At the conclusion of his testimony in mid April on international drug trafficking, Florida attorney general Jim Smith said his state was surveying appropriate sites for paraquat use and is "prepared to spray."

"When we do," Smith added, "we will be happy to have representatives of Colombia and any other government on hand as witnesses."

No one disputes that paraquat works: The powerful herbicide, which is activated by sunlight, can kill plants within hours of contact. What is disputed is the health and environmental price that may be paid for using it. Although some scientists claim paraquat is altered by fire in ways that render it harmless to smokers, Daniel VanderMeer, associate director of the federal Center for Disease Control in Atlanta, says research by CDC indicates that inhaling even tiny amounts of smoke from paraquat-contaminated marijuana can cause irreversible lung damage.

Although it appears likely that paraquat will be used this year on pot crops in Florida, Georgia and perhaps several Western states, it is unlikely it will be used in California. Steven Helseley, head of the California Bureau of Narcotics Enforcement, says paraquat would not be cost-effective in his state because California growers specialize in *sinsemilla*, a labor-intensive crop grown in small plots.

Before they could spray, drug agents would have to

make overflights to identify the pot plot, then obtain search warrants, then station personnel on the ground to assure that no human would be sprayed. Once those personnel were on the scene, notes Helseley, it would be easier for them to simply cut down the plants rather than to call in spray planes. Aerial spraying of paraquat in California, said Helseley, would "double our costs."



Mira, campesino, if the *Yanquis* spray paraquat on the *gringo* grower, is it not good for Colombia and Mexico too?

Gov. Campaigns on Paraquat Platform

In Florida, both Gov. Bob Graham and Sen. Lawton Chiles are campaigning on a platform that includes the aerial spraying of paraquat to eradicate the far-flung marijuana crop spread around the state. And both are receiving a heated backlash against their grandstand proposals. Bob Kunst, erstwhile gay-rights adversary of Anita Bryant, now heading the Oral Majority based in Gainesville, Florida, has confronted the governor, saying, "Are you willing to poison the people in your state for your reelection?" The trouble with trying selectively to spray marijuana only, Kunst points out, is that it grows virtually everywhere in the state and the paraquat could drift a hundred miles off target. "How would America react, thinking Florida citrus and produce could be contaminat-

ed?" speculates Kunst.

To counteract the politicians' ploys, the Oral Majority plans on seeking an injunction against paraquat spraying, and expects to request a full environmental impact statement on its potential hazards from the state Department of Environmental Regulation. Also, claims Kunst, aerial spraying is equivalent to aerial surveillance, and the group plans to

challenge this aspect as a violation of the state's Privacy Act and the federal Fourth Amendment.

Chiles and Graham defend their proposal to spray, pointing out that 60,000 pounds of the weed killer is already being used in the state. But, as Kevin Zeese of NORML observes, this spraying is done before any crop has emerged. "With marijuana, you're spraying a crop you *know* is going to be consumed." While Florida and Georgia are the most likely candidates for a spray program, pressure is also being placed on other Southern states—North Carolina, South Carolina, Kentucky and Tennessee. In response to this pressure, NORML is preparing legal challenges to the spraying based on violations of environmental statutes, nuisance, trespass and negligence laws, and the infliction of paraquat as cruel and unusual punishment.

THE RUSSIANS ARE BUSTING

"CONCERNED CITIZENS" FRAME COMMIE PROFESSOR FOR MARIJUANA

L E N I N G R A D, U S S R

KONSTANTIN AZADOVSKY, professor and literary scholar, has been railroaded—literally and figuratively—to Siberia for possession of somewhat less than a joint's worth of marijuana. An instructor at Mukhina College in Petrozavodsk, Azadovsky was on the verge of becoming an internationally recognized expert in comparative Russian and Western modern writing when the ax fell. Fingering by "concerned citizens" working in conjunction with Professor Azadovsky's conviction grew out of a veritably Dostoevskian web of misfortunes: the current Cold War freeze on international academic exchange, Azadovsky's choice of pot-smoking acquaintances, the envy he provoked in academic colleagues, and some sordid unpleasantness with his neighbors and local cops. Also, he's Jewish.

In the 1960s Konstantin achieved eminence at the prestigious Herzen Institute as biographer and critic of Rainer Maria Rilke—the death-obsessed Czech poet-philosopher who actually managed to die, in 1926, of a thumb-prick from a rose thorn. Rilke, being what the party defines as a "Slavic socialist," has never been a politically safe subject of intense academic inquiry; so in 1969, with Cold War tensions frosted over by the USSR's invasion of Czechoslovakia, Azadovsky was booted out of the Herzen Institute after testi-

fying at the trial of a friend framed in a similarly minor marijuana scandal.

There, however, Azadovsky soon completed a dramatic translation of Shelagh Delaney's *A Taste of Honey*. Dwelling as it does on the morbid horrors of drug addiction and sexual abnormality in the capitalist West, Azadovsky's *Honey* was not merely palatable to the party's moral arbiters, it played for six years straight at the Maly Theater here. Over the same time, Azadovsky's totally academic, non-political dissertations on Rilke and other revolution-era writers sold briskly to university researchers abroad. His collection of some of Rilke's correspondence, *The Seventh Dream*, will be published in English by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich this year.

Azadovsky was busted last December, two days after his girl friend, Svetlana Lepilina, had been fetched off the street in front of his house by a pair of concerned citizens—*druzhinniki*, they're called—for behaving suspiciously. The cops found four grams of weed in Svetlana's pocket—maybe ten joints' worth—and later raided her flat, where they found a jacket which may or may not have had .06 grams of loose shake in it.

Two days later, after Svetlana had presumably begun talking to the heat in the holding pen, a police major led a

search party up to Azadovsky's flat. Significantly, they went straight to his study and began ransacking his library. According to witnesses, the major in charge made a big performance of leafing through various scholarly tomes, when there suddenly appeared in his palm, from no place in particular—presto—five grams of grass.

At Svetlana's trial, which came first, the two concerned *druzhinniki* admitted that they'd been instructed by the cops to stake out Azadovsky's home and bring Svetlana to them when she showed up, whether she'd been "behaving suspiciously" or not. This is par for the course with *druzhinniki* vigilante collars; since Russian private citizens don't need "probable cause" to make citizens' arrests, anything the cops turn up after such an arrest is admissible evidence, no matter how the cops get hold of it. Svetlana got a year and a half in a regular jail, as a first offender.

Azadovsky got the whole book, however. The first defense attorney assigned to Azadovsky's dope case was one Seymon Kheifets, who is known to work frequently with the KGB, sometimes to help spring the guilty, sometimes to help can the innocent, for reasons known only

to the KGB. This time Kheifets dropped straight out of the case early on, when some jail guards happened to intercept a note from Azadovsky to Svetlana, begging her to take the whole rap herself, since she "had nothing to lose."

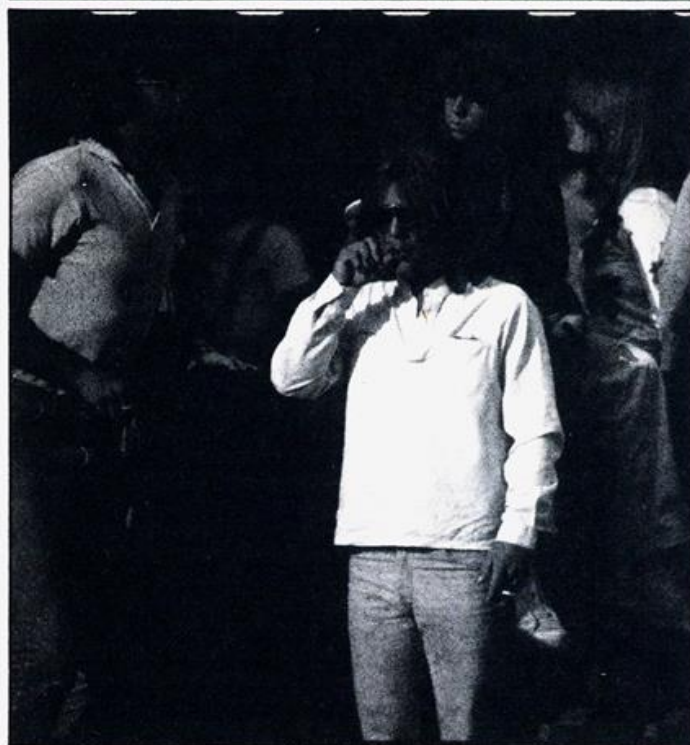
Whether Kheifets may have encouraged Azadovsky to send this awkward message isn't known, since Azadovsky was dizzy and vomiting on the day of his trial—a jail guard had slammed a steel door into his head just before the hearing—and his new counsel knew nothing about the case. So a judge promptly fed Professor Azadovsky two years' hard labor in Siberia.

Azadovsky's case subsequently received coverage in the Western media, most notably in the *New York Review of Books*. In his story in the *Review*, Michael Scammell charges the KGB with "trying out a new technique of framing political opponents or suspected subversives on criminal charges." By busting Azadovsky for dope, the KGB guaranteed his quick dispatch to Siberia, with no risk of political diatribes from the dock or the limbo of remanding him to a mental hospital. In the USSR, as in the USA, the convenience of a criminal cover charge was invoked to mask what appeared to be a political hit.

JORGY



Gregg Mancuso/Globe Photos



A rare shot of a vanishing breed, the high-school toker. He's just as likely to have a job next year as his nonsmoking peers.

DAMNED IF YOU SMOKE, DAMNED IF YOU DON'T

U.S. KIDS ABANDON GRASS

N E W Y O R K C I T Y

THE RATE OF MARIJUANA use among school-aged people has fallen off unexpectedly and sharply since the late 1970s, according to several government surveys. Though any number of factors have been suggested for the marked decline in youth toking—heightened concern about health hazards popularly ascribed to the weed, and a growing mood of conformism among kids—the peak and decline of marijuana use in the general U.S. population has actually followed a similar downfall pattern over the same time, as recent Highwitness News reports from Colombia have shown.

"Everybody in this country who wants marijuana has been able to buy it easily since

the mid '70s," NORML's Kevin Zeese has pointed out. "Everyone who's interested in it has tried it, but only some of them have liked it enough to keep on smoking it regularly, and that's all you've got. Use patterns among adolescents peaked in the late '70s, and they're declining now, and we expect them to level out at a steady plateau before long." Zeese viewed the decline as "positive," and expressed the hope that the findings would undercut the arguments of those who criticize the "kid-die use of marijuana." The fastest-growing segment of marijuana users continues to be those over 30, Zeese noted. However, he predicted that an explosion in marijuana use

among adolescents is right around the corner. "Every time we have this reefer-madness hysteria as we do now," commented Zeese, "there follows an equally strong reaction with many more kids trying marijuana out to see what all the scare tactic is about."

While the number of kids who try marijuana before finishing high school remains fairly steady at a little more than half of all students, the number of students who smoke it with any sort of regularity has been dropping notably since 1978. The decline of frequent use has been particularly dramatic. The number of "daily" smokers of grass among high-school seniors dropped by slightly more than 10 percent between 1979 and 1980.

Reading the Numbers

It's necessary to qualify the term "daily" users with quotation marks. "Daily" means students who report having smoked more than 20 joints during the month before they were asked to describe their use patterns, in the spring of their senior year in high school. This could represent kids who smoked one joint virtually every day that month, or those who averaged five joints every pre-graduation party weekend. Since marijuana's illegal, it's exceedingly difficult to gather data more detailed than this, especially where young kids are involved. Poll takers at the University of Michigan's Institute for Social Research in Ann Arbor, who compile annual youth-doping statistics for a government project called "Monitoring the Future," estimate that 7 percent of high-school seniors in 1981 were smoking over 20 joints a month, a significant drop from 1978's peak of nearly 11 percent. In other words, there are a third fewer daily users today than there were three years ago. Daily tobacco smoking among seniors decreased even more, from 29 percent in 1977 to 20 percent in 1981, a 9 percent decline. Ann Arbor's Dr. Lloyd Johnston calls the tobacco drop "the most dramatic change in substance use" among youth over this period.

"Current" users of grass, as opposed to "daily" users, comprise high-school seniors who reported smoking at least one joint over the month preceding their participation

in the Ann Arbor drug poll. The proportion of "current" users also declined, though less dramatically, over this period: from 37 percent in 1978 to 33.7 percent in 1980. Thus, while the number of seniors who'd tried the stuff at least once before graduation has stayed steady at about 60 percent, there's been a notable decline in the number of kids smoking it with any regularity, and a sharp decrease in the number using it frequently.

Besides the annual Ann Arbor survey of seniors, the other main mine of "epidemiological" dope statistics in this country is the biannual National Household Survey, conducted by Dr. Ira Cisin at George Washington University in Washington, D.C. The Household Survey shows that the number of kids aged 12 to 17 who'd ever tried grass actually rose between 1975 and 1980—from about one in five to one in three. How many tried it more than once isn't shown in the survey, but the rate of increase in simply trying grass appears to be leveling off, after a very dramatic surge before 1975.

As for older people, post-high school, the Household Survey reveals some interesting data on the late '70s. While the aggregate number of grown-ups smoking grass hasn't increased much since the mid '70s, it appears that more people in the southern regions of the nation are trying it nowadays. And the biggest increase in "regular" users, ages 18 to 25, has been among high-school dropouts and among college graduates. The Household Survey hasn't reported yet on who, exactly, must be discontinuing grass use, to make way for these new smokers in the Bible Belt, and among dropouts and college grads.

"Dailies"

"Daily" high-school grass tokers are a breed unto themselves, to go by the breakdown of the Ann Arbor "future-monitoring" project, as reported in *Marijuana and Health*, the jumbo 1982 weed roundup from the National Academy of Sciences' Institute of Medicine. Though a very small minority of school-age kids in general, these "dailies" appear to hang out almost exclusively with other kids who are heavily into grass and hard liquor. "This

degree of immersion in a drug-using friendship circle contrasts sharply to what we observe for their peers," report the NAS reviewers, "even those who are current but less frequent users of marijuana."

"Dailies" do not come from broken homes, or any particular income class. "Negative parental relationships do not appear to be associated as an antecedent to marijuana use," the NAS notes. "Dailies" are primarily urban, twice as likely to be white and male as black or female. They drink hard liquor *much* more than other kids do, and tend to go out on dates virtually every night of the week. They invariably begin smoking cigarettes and boozing before the age of 14—"a very early age of initiation," says the report—and this introduction to "the legal drugs for adults" invariably precedes their use of marijuana. Few have any

aspirations to attend college, and follow-up surveys show that their very heavy use of marijuana (heavier than most tokers of *any* age) persists unchanged for years after graduation. Still, while these kids typically "perform" poorly in school and make problems for school authorities, once they're in the work market they're pretty much like everyone else. "Employment status is unrelated to 'daily' use," the NAS notes, meaning that these kids are no less likely to be employed than their peers. Those who marry and have kids tend to pretty much "dampen" use at that point.

Considering that each American senior class since 1975 has included at least 390,000 "dailies," if marijuana exerted any dramatically adverse physical or psychological effects in extremely heavy, long-term smokers who begin use in early adoles-

cence, those effects could be expected to show up in the Ann Arbor follow-up surveys of graduates. However, the only notable thing about postgraduation "dailies" to emerge from the NAS review is this one fact: that they *do* continue smoking much more grass than anyone else around, with no notable effect on their job status.

Big Brother Is Watching Over 1st-Graders

The authors of *Marijuana and Health* propose, nevertheless, some fairly drastic projects to cut down on the number of "dailies" in our schools. Noting that these kids, well *before* they ever get into drugs, manifest telltale personality traits—"crime, low self-esteem, depressive mood, rebelliousness"—the NAS seriously proposes monitoring elementary-school children for signs of early "aggression," "shyness" and so

on, as "predictive" indicators of *potential* drug use. Presumably, some scientific behavior-modification, at this prepubescent, premarijuana point in development, may preserve these children from "risk of whatever the long-term consequences may prove to be."

In fact, this preventive behavior-mod scheme—"tough love" is the euphemism—is already in use in many schools, especially in regions where antimarijuana parents groups have clout with local school boards. Even though ever fewer kids are smoking dope nowadays and no harm of any sort has actually been demonstrated from dope smoking anyway, little kids are getting their brains washed thoroughly in advance, just in case.

Deviated Preversion

"There is no evidence to support the belief that the use of one drug will inevitably lead to the use of any other drug," the NAS reviewers firmly conclude. In fact, of *all* people who smoke marijuana, any age, a little less than a quarter try any other illegal drugs, and almost none of these continue to do other drugs after trying them. Marijuana, if it weren't illegal, would be as pedestrian as Camels or Johnny Walker Red.

Since it *is* illegal, though, certain special "deviance" traits may be noted of its users, as *Marijuana and Health* helpfully points out. "Patterns of disaffection from major (social) institutions" are notoriously associated with grass smokers, they observe. While virtually 100 percent of tokers say they do it simply "to get high" (less than 1 percent feel "hooked"), the NAS reviewers remark that the general outlaw image of marijuana and marijuana smoking has persisted unchanged since the late '60s. Marijuana is still an anti-authoritarian symbol, and getting high behind it is an anti-authoritarian gesture. *This*, rather than any prospective long-term health hazard for children or anyone else, accounts for why grass and grass tokers are picking up so much political heat nowadays—despite a striking drop in grass use by the Ever Endangered American Child, and a negative deficit of evidence that it ever hurt any kids who *did* smoke it.

FAKE DRUG PLAGUE SWINDLES TEENS

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

SCHOOL-YARD DOPE PEDdlers are making a bundle off "legal stimulants," to go by the latest figures from Ann Arbor's Monitoring the Future survey.

While the indicators are decidedly down for every other category of teenage stoner, from PCP to glue, uppers are decidedly up in the '80s. Use of non-cocaine stimulants among high-school seniors rose rapidly after 1977, and took a huge lift in 1980, until by last year, one out of every three graduating seniors had done some sort of metabolism accelerator. Moreover, the number of graduating kids who'd done an upper within the month before the survey was taken last year climbed precipitately, up to 16 percent, from 12 percent in 1980.

The source of this surge most likely derives from the aggressive merchandising of what the Drug Enforcement Administration calls "look-alikes," and what

street people call "peashooters"—colorful capsules and pills produced to resemble prescription amphetamine medications, but that contain only a mix of caffeine and decongestant garbage. These things are merchandised by the millions, under literally hundreds of brand names. Most adults who buy them know they're not real speed, but authorities are concerned that these supposedly drug-ignorant school kids may not know any better.

As seasoned speed consumers are perfectly aware, however, there is virtually *no* genuine speed available in the form of caps or pills anywhere in the country, and there hasn't been any since the early '70s, when the DEA put the screws to the big pharmaceutical companies and made them stop "losing" their friskier pharmaceuticals by the millions every year. Street speed nowadays shows up exclusively in the form of loose white crystalline matter, reeking of bathtub chem-

icals. The two drug-ID services in the U.S.—Pharm-Chem of Menlo Park, California, and Up Front in Miami—report receiving plenty of colorful peashooters for investigation over the last few years, but no real speed in the form of pills or caps.

Why high-school kids might be doing peashooters, either by ignorance or design, is an open question. Some suspect it may have to do with ill-advised "drug abuse" lecturers who tour schools with gaudy full-color illustrations of real amphetamines, guaranteeing that this is the stuff kids have to watch out for. In their 1983 survey, the Ann Arbor people intend to begin asking kids whether they know they're actually doing caffeine instead of speed, and the results are expected around 1985.

"It appears that the use of these substances is not without its dangers," warns Dr. Lloyd Johnston of Ann Arbor, "so their increased use among young people should not be taken lightly."

STATE DEPT. MAKES BOGUS LINK TO CASTRO'S DOPE CONNECTION

continued from page 19.

smuggling operations for years, and their profits, Castro feared, would go toward these exiles rearming for a long-dreamed-of invasion of Cuba.

Since 1980, the DEA has



State's Thomas Enders pegs Caribbean smuggling a Communist plot.

actually been quietly working with the Castro government to thwart the Caribbean dope trade, as the *Washington Post* reported last year. Castro, in fact, has repeatedly charged that secret Caribbean dope money is being used to buy guns to invade his own bailiwick.

Therefore, Cuban MiG fighters by policy force down any pot planes that blunder into their air space, and jug the Yankee pilots for life, with no quarrel at all from U.S. State, who simply will not comment on the fate or condition of U.S. citizens known to have been thus captured. In 1979, the Cuban air force, having missed capturing an agile Beechcraft jockey, actually radioed his location to Miami customs, who chased him as far as Louisiana before losing him. The plane was ultimately located in Texas, nothing but seeds and stems on board, which is how the story got into the papers.

How often the Castroites have helped U.S. narcs make successful grass seizures isn't known. The informal 1980 agreement between the DEA and Castro has never been given much press, informed sources concede, out of consideration for the sensi-

bilities of the Florida Cubano community. When, in the course of a recent ABC "Nightline" interview with Ted Koppel, DEA administrator Frances Mullen was seriously asked if the Cuban regime was at the bottom of the Caribbean drugs trade, Mullen could only respond that he wasn't yet in full possession of all the facts, at this point in time.

Although the impact of the State Department's incipient Cuban dope campaign has so far been minimal in the States, the "Guillot affair" became the right incident at the right time in Colombia for the last months of President Turbay's five-year term. Based on Guillot's guns seizure, Turbay could now link two avowed enemies: the mafia of *narcotraficantes*, which have caused so much negative publicity in Colombia, and

the M-19 guerrillas.

The Guillot affair also paved the way to an increasing level of cooperation between Colombia and the DEA. So far, this collusion has resulted in a couple of spectacular scores: the seizure of 6.4 million pounds of *marimba* in Colombia and the

United States in February of this year during "Operation Tiburon," and a haul of 3,748 pounds of coke nabbed a month later at Miami International Airport on a flight from Medellín, Colombia.

The first part of the story—Guillot's involvement in the Cuban arms deal—is



U.S. State Department accused Raul Castro, pictured with Soviet premier Brezhnev, of collaborating with Colombian dope mobster Jaime Guillot Lara.

DEA AGENTS NEARLY EXECUTED BY CUBAN EXILES

MIAMI, FLORIDA

A popular Latin song, "Tiburón a la Vista," warns swimmers to be wary of the sharks on view. In "Operation Tiburon" (*tiburón*, in Spanish, means "shark"), the swimmers were the dope armadas that have roamed the Caribbean for a number of years, while the sharks were the DEA, under its new FBI management, and other U.S. and Colombian government agencies. Tiburon was the code name of a 14-month-long, joint U.S.-Colombian venture that popped almost 3,000 tons of *marimba* this February. In U.S. waters, the Coast Guard seized 1.7 million pounds of grass, captured 95 ships and arrested 495 persons. Colombian agents grabbed 4.7 million pounds of *marimba* before it left home.

Despite the apparent ease of the Tiburon seizures, it

did have its hair-raising moments, as two DEA agents can attest. Posing as dope pilots, Charles Martinez and Kelly McCullough were abducted from their hotel in Cartagena by two Cuban-American cousins. In the best James Bond style, the agents escaped just as they were about to be executed. And the Cubans, it appears, were too drunk or burnt out to recapture them. A drag-net on Cartagena finally produced the two Cubans, the cousins Benitez, who had arrived recently from Miami. One of them had been in Castro's jails for 18 years until 1980's "freedom flotilla" carried him from Havana to Miami. Why were they trying to kidnap and kill two DEA agents in Cartagena? Evidently, the cousins had good reason to believe that they were about to be framed by the phony dope pilots. It also seems quite certain that the mob-

sters belong to the *other* Cubans, the anti-Castro ones, some of whom have been running dope for many years.

That the DEA is working on full schedule in Colombia was demonstrated scarcely a month after Operation Tiburon by another record bust at Miami International Airport. Customs found 3,748 pounds of coke hidden in 21 boxes labeled as clothing, which had just arrived on a flight from Medellín in a Boeing 707 from the Colombian air-freight company Tampa. Since the bust was too good and too big to be sheer luck, the DEA acknowledged that the freight company had been under surveillance in Colombia for quite some time. Only after the pop did the Colombian government start an official investigation of the company, and hundreds of witnesses have been called to testify before the courts.

pretty well substantiated. Last October, a commercial Aeropesca transport plane was hijacked between Medellín and Barranquilla, and redirected to the town of Dibulla on the Guajira Peninsula, near the sea. There it loaded a cache of Belgian black-market submachine guns and other ordnance, and lifted off for an M-19 bush camp near Caquetá.

Unbeknownst to the hijackers, both the mothership, which had hauled the arms from Panama, and the launch, which had brought them ashore, had been seized by the Colombian navy. By the time they touched down in Caquetá, the place was surrounded by security cops. Guillot, whose mafia runs dope and guns and every other sort of contraband, was quickly identified as the arms contractor for the guerrillas. Though he absconded to Mexico, he was immediately nailed by the *federales* there, and has been in jail ever since. Not until five months later did the U.S. State Department come up with the notion that Guillot's gun shipment between Castro and M-19 may have had anything to do with his *marimba* operation.

Yet Colombian officials were quick to pick up the tune as soon as the State Department set the tone for the new "Cuban connection" campaign. Turbay's foreign minister, Carlos Lemos Simmonds, denounced what he called the "unexplainable marriage" between the Cuban revolution and the trafficking groups, adding that it was now up to the Cuban government "to demonstrate that this is not the case." Next, Turbay severed diplomatic relations with Cuba as a result of their support to the M-19. And General Camacho Leyva, the minister of defense, who has solidified his reputation fighting the M-19 and other guerrillas, spoke darkly of an "understanding between the guerrillas and the *narcotraficantes*."

Death Squad

Meanwhile, here in Bogotá, ugly rumors are proliferating about a new terrorist group with *mucho* dope money actually behind it. It's called *Muerte a Secuestradores*—"Death to Kidnappers"—and it appears to be a political death squad working for rightist extremists under the guise of dope-mob enforcers.



LOW-FLYING COKE CONDOMS CRASH KENNEDY

by Daniel Hays

NEW YORK CITY

SWALLOWING COCAINE-filled condoms is hardly news, but at New York City's Kennedy International Airport this spring the feds were catching record numbers of mules with a bellyfull.

The joint Customs Service-Drug Enforcement Administration scoop began at the end of March, and by the middle of April had led to the arrest of 25 couriers, with more being snagged every day. Virtually all were Colombian nationals.

DEA agents, who are happy to see their arrest statistics skyrocketing, say it's not that hard to make such busts when practically every late arriving Avianca and Braniff flight from Bogotá has some condom carriers aboard—six on one particular flight. The

DEA maintains that customs is making the grabs without informant tips from the agents. One group was stopped because they all came from the same town in Colombia and all paid cash for their tickets.

The mules have brought in stomach-busting quantities, well over a pound in some cases, packed away in from 90 to 127 condoms. This is hardly a record. One agent recalled an earlier case of a mule whose coke-stoked tummy contained more than 400 condoms.

If just one breaks, however, medical experts say the courier's heart stops. Dr. Thomas Bizzaro, emergency-room director at Jamaica Hospital in Queens, where suspect condom carriers from Kennedy are taken, says a lethal dose is 30 milligrams. Mules caught

recently have carried from five to seven full grams in each condom.

Present wrapping methods, however, go to great lengths to make condom ruptures and death from cardiac arrhythmia unlikely. The condoms are double-thickness, tied by a special packing machine at both ends and sometimes are further secured by aluminum foil.

To swallow a load of 100 or more bags may take up to two days. Experience has taught that alternating Coca-Cola with water keeps the stomach calm and the merchandise from coming up prematurely.

The prevailing rate mentioned for the couriers runs from \$2,000 to \$3,000 a trip. If pulled out of line by customs inspectors for a secondary search, they are sent to Jamaica Hospital for an X-ray examination, where tell-tale condoms show up on the screen as whitish spots. After a positive X ray, mules take a laxative and the feds wait. This usually takes no longer than 48 hours, but one tight-assed courier held on for ten days.

When the evidence is out, it's tested, and if identified as coke, the suspects are hauled before a U.S. magistrate. Few have been able to post the high bails that are set.

Not all the suspects have taken their arrests sitting down, and one alleged condom courier contended that the method in which his end product was obtained had violated his rights.

Internationally renowned author Gabriel García Márquez has bluntly written in his column in *El Espectador*, "MAS is a group organized to fight political activists with illegal methods, and to kill opponents of the system." MAS evidently consists of ex-military officers who were originally hired by dope gangsters to protect them and their families from expensive kidnappings by other gangsters. According to newspaper reports, however, MAS has evolved into something close to the *Brigadas Blancas* of Guatemala and El Salvador—

a secret paramilitary group of kidnapper-murderers, working for reactionary political organizations and ruthless dope movers.

In Colombia, one of the last remaining democracies on the continent, the emergence of an obscenity like the MAS is shocking. After his first reports on the MAS, García Márquez's life was threatened. Now he's convinced the MAS is pervaded by "commandos from the military intelligence service of the government itself, armed with the repressive tactics of Argentina, Uruguay and Chile."

HONOLULU, HAWAII

SIX YEARS AGO, WALLY Bachman walked into a police station here carrying a live marijuana plant, and thanks to that, Hawaii continues to have the most realistic legislative attitude toward weed of any state south of Alaska. Though penalties for possession and cultivation of over a kilo of *pakalolo* were stiffened at the last legislative session here, several other recriminalization proposals were shelved or dumped outright. Hawaii thus has remained largely unscathed by the blitzkrieg of antimarijuana legislation that, promoted by New Right single-issue lobbyists, is sweeping the mainland.

Bachman's single marijuana plant took permanent root in Hawaiian marijuana legislation, and its influence flourishes to this day. Bachman, then 26, was reporting a theft. Parties unknown, he alleged, had made off with his entire backyard crop, except for the sole survivor in his hands, and he wanted to know what the police were going to do about it. Of course they busted him on the spot for possession and cultivation.

Bachman presents himself as walking proof of marijuana's beneficial medical properties. Plagued by stomach disorders from childhood, Bachman discovered in 1969 that he suffered from degenerative enteritis—chronic inflammation and spasticity of the intestines. Even after surgery, in 1972 Bachman's doctors gave him only a few months to live. It was then that Bachman began smoking grass, having learned that it reduces spasms in the intestinal tract—and he's still with us, ten years later. (In 1978, it was discovered that marijuana also lowers one's stomach-acid balance considerably, which may have contributed to Bachman's recovery.)

So, when the recrim wave washed up on Hawaii this year, Wally Bachman rode it out like a champ, solo, hanging ten securely all the way through the pipe.

The recrim legislation proposed before the Honolulu legislature was typically fierce: a "paraphernalia" bill, an "imitation controlled substances" act, mandatory two-year prison terms for anyone growing or possessing more

ONE MAN'S DOPE CRUSADE

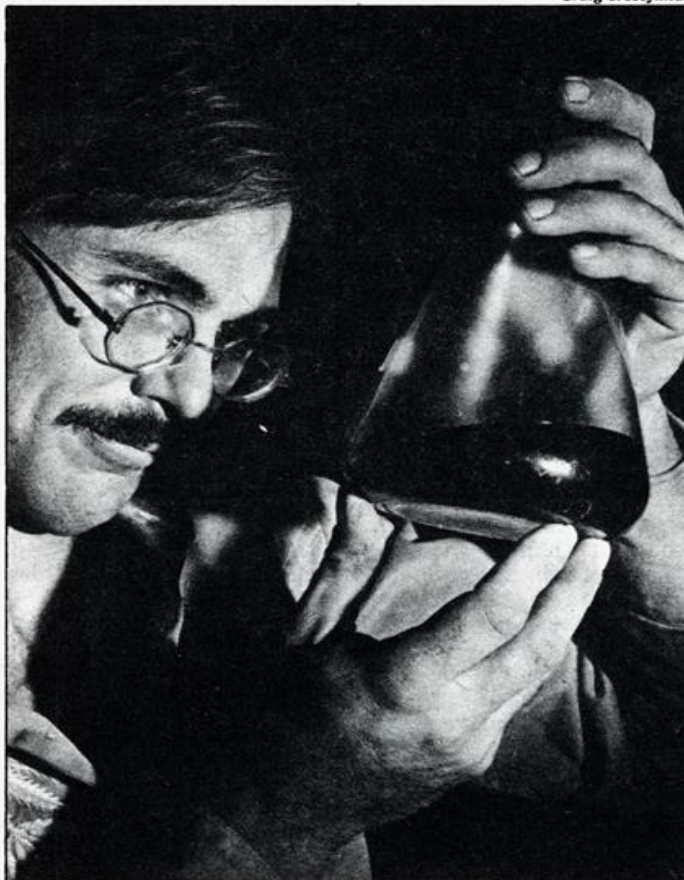
RECRIM WAVE
BREAKS OVER
HAWAII
POT PROPHET

than a kilo of weed, and most insidiously, a Prohibition-era "forfeiture" law providing for the confiscation of all property found on land where marijuana might be discovered to be growing. Bachman went after it all, hammer and tongs, in the state senate.

"Should we enact companion legislation to seize the

houses, land, vehicles and tools of all bartenders and liquor-store operators, for being responsible for slaughter on the highways or drinking in public schools?" he asked the legislature in testimony. Presenting surveys that show that college students tend to drink less alcohol when they have access to pot, Bachman

Craig T. Kojima



At last, from the Bachman Laboratory, a cannabinoid to give Alka-Seltzer indigestion.

then cited statistics showing alcohol responsible for the majority of traffic fatalities and birth defects in the United States, concluding: "Or should we pass similar safeguarding legislation on marijuana, assuring the public of consistent purity, quality and potency, as well as collecting taxes on these regulated sales—prohibited to minors. The choice is up to you."

The tax angle was perhaps Bachman's single most persuasive point with the Hawaii Senate, in view of the \$100 million the *pakalolo* trade generates yearly, by conservative estimate. "This bill," he said of the mandatory-sentence proposal, "will prevent the state from collecting taxes on marijuana, which I consider the only logical solution to the vast commercialization of marijuana, Hawaii's biggest growth industry."

This stiff dose of political recrim legislation didn't go down too well with many of the Honolulu legislators, either. State senator Dennis O'Connor was particularly vocal about his opposition to the proposed confiscation laws. Noting that its peculiar wording would make it necessary for arrested landowners to prove they *didn't know* grass was being grown on their properties, O'Connor observed that in U.S. law, the burden really should be on the state to prove that the defendant knew about the crime. O'Connor therefore wondered aloud why the large sugar companies like Cross & Blackwell weren't testifying against the bill, since it is common knowledge that a great deal of Big Island pot is grown secretly in sugarcane fields.

Bachman's testimony, many observers believe, actually helped make it possible for thoughtful legislators to articulate their doubts about such "special" marijuana legislation. In states like Texas and New York, "antidrug" legislation even fishier than this has been lobbied through by single-issue New Right agitators with minimal opposition, merely because legislators have been afraid to vocally oppose them. Just one informed citizen like Bachman, putting the truth about grass on the record, makes it infinitely easier for legislators to question and criticize such sweeping new repressive legal proposals.

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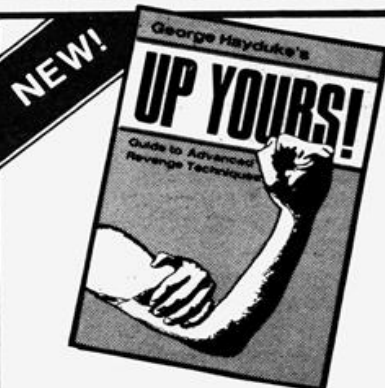
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HIGHWITNESS NEWS

ARE POT PRICES ABOUT TO GO HIGHER?

by Bud Bogart

As pervasive as inflation has been in past years, the marijuana market has shown a peculiar resilience, almost a full-fledged immunity to its ravages. The price of basic Mexican and Colombian grass has risen little over the years, in terms of real dollars, if it hasn't actually declined somewhat. Now, however, owing to conditions that have stabilized prices, pot prices may be on the upswing.

The stats tell it all. A decade ago, when pot was burgeoning as an important item in radicalized middle America, entrepre-

Hopefully, this does not mark the end of the great Colombian-pot heyday. Almost three years ago, during the last big drought, "R." HIGH TIMES pot connoisseur, predicted that the Colombian line was all done in. A lot of people believed that, seeing no pot about. Still, the Colombian connection survived, and it always will as long as there are potheads. But the days when the 'lombo fell like sunlight, as the Colombian Aztecs used to sing before their disexistence, are gone forever.

Cat Connoisseurs: For my taste, the people in Madison, Wisconsin, are for the most part smug, arrogant and narcissistic—well-deserving of the kind of rip that follows:

One of the local dealers there had a cat with a reputation as a marijuana connoisseur. The cat, a female, would turn its nose up at commercial-grade pots, but exotics turned her on, and top-line buds like sines and Thai threw her into orgasmic fits.

Thus it was, that when several dealers went in on a collective buying venture during the sinse season, they called on the cat to pass judgment. Buying sinse is not easy: looks are deceiving; the high, a vague and elusive quality. Where tens of thousands of dollars are at stake, human sensory perceptions are simply not fine tuned enough to determine the standing of a good pot among many. To test pot right, it takes at least a day, as most substantial dealers will tell you.

At the appointed rendezvous, the buyers rolled up a joint and the seller rolled up a couple, while the cat peered from her fancy cat carrier at the huge mailbag on the floor and the four men around it. Soon the buyers began arguing: One felt the goods weren't any good, the two others thought otherwise. Finally, the cat was called on to settle the dispute.

First she poked her nose around the edge of the bag. Intrigued by what she smelled, the cat then hopped in and dug furiously into the middle, sending up a cascade of buds and shake until she could be dragged out and returned to her box. The deal was settled on the spot and the seller split—but not before also dispensing a few hits of blotter mescaline to sweeten the pot.

Later, as the happy buyers were weighing the pot as other buyers stood in line, the cat, now set free and strolling around, again attacked the pot bag. This time she made it to the bottom and reappeared, clenching a large catnip sprig in her mouth. Struck dumb, the buyers gaped at each other in astonishment. Too late. Beneath the pot—useless Wisconsin rope hemp salted with a couple of good buds the seller had picked out to roll joints—lay a very expensive mess of catnip.

TRANS-HIGH MARKET ANALYSIS

neurs of every stripe stumbled all over each other to fill the suburban stash boxes. Throughout the late '60s, and up until 1977, the numbers of professed pot smokers increased, reaching by some counts 40 million occasional smokers (later trimmed to a more realistic figure of 20 million).

In this same period, the amount of pot hitting the marketplace was increasing apace. Mostly from Colombia and Mexico, the rising tide of marijuana was reflected in larger busts at the hands of D-men. In 1969, the total seized in the U.S. was less than ten tons, mostly along the Mexican border. Ten years later, D-men along the Louisiana coast busted three 80-ton Colombian freighter loads in a six-month period. The national total for 1980, including domestic sinsemilla and imports, was almost half a million tons.

Consumers had a field day. The long-dreaded summer weed droughts disappeared, with warehoused pots filling any expected void. Pounds of commercial floated down from \$300 to \$200 and less. Credit lines were as long as welfare lines.

Sooner or later, however, the market became saturated as consumer demand reached its peak and began dropping. A study by the University of Michigan verified what was becoming more and more apparent—those of high school and college age were smoking less pot. The bottom fell out of the market sometime early last year.

Late this spring, for the first time in more than three years, there was a drought. Bust tonnage is still off, warehouses are still empty. Prices on pounds are creeping up, though ounces seem to be holding steady.

TRANS-HIGH QUOTATIONS MARKET

BELGIUM

'Merish 'lombo	rare but good	gm	5
Congo Pot	low grade	kg	1000
		gm	1
		kg	900
Belgium bonzo	hardly smokeable	oz	50
Leb hash	snore	gm	5
		kg	3500
Moroccan	decent	gm	6
hash		kg	4000
Black Nepalese	watch for canards	gm	6
hash		kg	4000
Black Afghani	King Kong hash	gm	12
		kg	8000-9000
Opium	fresh and dreamy	gm	30
LSD	not too hot	one	5
Cocaine	stomped heavily	gm	120

FRANCE

Commercial	fashion designers	oz	140
Colombian	only		
African pot	lots of shake,	oz	80-100
	mediocre		
Leb hash	international	gm	5
	favorite		
Afghan hash	black, strong	gm	6
Nepal hash	the best	gm	7.50-12
Cocaine	heavily danced on	gm	150
LSD	art blots	one	7
Hash oil	popular at parties	gm	11
Opium	Turkish, tasty	gm	14

MOROCCO

Cannabis pollen,	soft, chewy balls	gm	1
double O		lb	100
powder			
Cannabis pollen,	like black	gm	.50
first class	chewing gum	lb	50-75
powder			
Loose buds (kif)	8 inch buds,	20	1
	like Thai sticks	kilo	10
Cocaine	from Amsterdam	gm	100
LSD	from West	one	4
	Germany, red		
Amphetamines	stars, clear blots		
	'script Apetin	50	2.50

THE NETHERLANDS

Commercial	nothing to write	gm	4
Colombian	home about	kilo	2000
African buds	too seedy	gm	4
		kilo	2000
Blond Leb hash	bottom of the line	gm	7
		kilo	4000
Moroccan hash	dried slabs	gm	8
		kilo	4500
Red Leb hash	funny, colorful	gm	10
		kilo	6000
Afghan hash	black, sticky,	gm	15
	heavenly	kilo	8000
Cocaine	rarely pure	gm	150-200
		100 gm	10,000
LSD	blotter	one	4-6

PANAMA

Seeded redhair	seedy but primo	oz	150
		lb	1650-1750
Red sinsemilla	still seedy, but	oz	160
	stingy & stoney	lb	1800
Panama red	rarely red, usually	oz	50-65
	green-brown	lb	560

PORTUGAL

Mozambique pot	colas and banana	gm	2
	buds	kilo	1250
Moroccan hash	"double o" hash	gm	3
		kilo	1500
Bolivian &	direct import,	gm	75-100
Brazilian coke	potent		
Methaqualone	buy from	one	.50
	pharmacy		

SAUDI ARABIA

Black Kashmir	one of the world's	gm	20
hash	great hashes	oz	250
Nepalese hash	fingers only	gm	15-20
		oz	225-250
Pakistan hash	fresh, pressed	gm	10-15
		oz	175-200
Afghani hash	greenish black,	gm	10-15
	fummy	oz	175-200
Lebanese red	a choker	gm	10
hash		oz	175-200
Cocaine	no shit, the real	gm	250-300
	thing, but \$		
Thai sticks	great	one	25
Philippine pot	commercial grade	oz	50-75
Ups & downs	legal, kind of	100	5
Moonshine	homemade	pint	30

UNITED STATES

Area Bulletins

Davis, Calif.	black 'ghani	1/4 oz	40
	cheese		
Beables, Idaho	halide grown	oz	100
	indicus, tasty		
Orbit, Tex.	Mex standard	oz	25
	fume		
Minneapolis	blond leb, z-z-z-z	oz	120
Trenton, N.J.	LSD "red hots"	one	3.50
Orange, N.J.	red 'lombo	2	40
Tempe, Ariz.	Snoopy blotter	one	4-5
San Francisco	dried 'shrooms	lb	90
Bar Harbor, Me.	white lines	gm	110
Pensacola, Fla.	commerish 'lombo	500-lb	8000
	bale		

National Market

U.S. sinsemilla	early leaf	oz	90-100
Commercial	green & fresh	oz	10-40
Mexican		lb	100-435
Top-grade	seedy but super	oz	65-80
Mexican		lb	750-800
Mexican	better and better	oz	100-135
sinsemilla		lb	900-1250
Jamaican	higher prices	oz	35-45
		lb	375-450
Jamaican	crackerjack	oz	70-100
sinsemilla	when around	lb	700-1000
Commercial	ample	oz	35-40
Colombian		lb	290-390
Connoisseur	drought	oz	45-60
Colombian	conditions	lb	450-600
Thai sticks	doggy	one	10-25
		oz	160-190
Loose Thai	short supply	oz	160-220
		lb	1450-1960
Hawaiian	rare	oz	160-250
		lb	2700-3200
Moroccan hash	greenish black	oz	125-175
		lb	1600-2000
Korean pot	that's what	oz	175
	they say	lb	2200
Lebanese hash	some past	oz	100-130
	its prime	lb	900-1450
Black Afghani	yummy	oz	150-200
hash		lb	1700-2300
Nepalese fingers	chunky cheese	oz	175-225
		lb	1700-2500
Paki hash	bits and pieces	oz	165
		lb	1600-1900
'Shrooms	sillies & muskies,	oz	20-40
	fresh		
Peyote	tough to come	oz	35-60
	by right now	lb	300-500
LSD	Cloud 9 and Alien	one	2-4
		100	150-300
Cocaine	still popular	gm	100-140
		1/4 oz	325-400
		oz	2100-2700
Methaqualone	home-brewed	one	4-6
		100	300-500
Crosses and	erratic	100	25-200
black beaubs			
Amphetamines	crystally, potent	gm	125

Alaska

Commercial	some pretty good	oz	60-75
Colombian		lb	550-650

Domestic	alarmingly	1/4 oz	50
sinsemilla	potent	oz	200
Mexican weed	most available	oz	50-65
		lb	500-600
Mainland	nil	oz	225-300
sinsemilla		lb	2000-2750
Thai sticks	lots of lumber	one	20
		lb	2400-2650
Lebanese hash	often too dry	gm	10
		oz	130-200
Cocaine	roll of the dice	gm	100-175
		oz	2000-2800
LSD	lots of blots	one	5
		100	350-500
Methaqualone	okay boots	one	5
		100	350

Hawaii

Puna buds	early buds	oz	150-250
		lb	2000-2600
Kona gold	banana-size buds	oz	150-250
		lb	2000-2400
Mauna Loa	short supply	oz	175-225
		lb	2000-2600
Maui wowie	there but rare	oz	175-275
		lb	2250-3000
LSD	fresh from the lab	one	2-4
Mushrooms	for cheap	gm	free
Cocaine	not a big mover	gm	75-125
		oz	2050-3000
Amphetamines	speedy relief	one	2

VENEZUELA

Colombian 'merish	inconsistent	oz	15
marijuana		lb	100
Colombian shake	by the bagful,	100 lbs	5000
	80% seeds		
Colombian gold	bleached green	oz	30
	and gold	lb	150
Colombian Punta	good goes to U.S.:	oz	25
Roja	rest is here	lb	350
Venezuelan	kickass fume	oz	20
rainbow pot		lb	200
Colombian coke	inferior grades	gm	40
	mostly		
Bolivian coke	pink or white	gm	55
	flakes, uncut		
Peruvian fish	showcase blow,	gm	60-70
scales	uncut		
Coca paste	"bazooka" to the	gm	20
	locals, best buy		
Lemmon 714's	Imported from	100	25
	Colombia		
LSD	European, tiles,	one	10-15
	blots		
Colombian hash	no shit, terrible	gm	20
Haitian hash	black, probably	gm	25
	Moroccan via		
	Jamaica		
Magic	Andean meannies,		free
mushrooms	everywhere		

WEST GERMANY

Moroccan hash	fresh	gm	7
		lb	2000
Leb hash	reds, golds	gm	4
		oz	60
Afghani hash	manhole cover-	gm	7
	size slabs	lb	2000
Primo Afghani	black and	gm	10
	beautiful	lb	3000
Homegrown pot	getting the hang	gm	5
	of it	lb	1200
LSD	very little	one	10
Cocaine	available	gm	75

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ABUSE FOLIO



CHARGES: The smoking of cocaine freebase at high dosage may cause drug-induced psychosis complete with visual hallucinations, auditory hallucinations and paranoid ideas. When smoked on a regular basis, it can be highly irritative to lung and bronchial tissue. Preparation involves highly volatile substances that can be very dangerous if inhaled or ignited. As a further refinement of cocaine hydrochloride, freebase is very, very expensive and exacerbates the current flood of cocaine abuse among middle- and upper-middle-class whites who have little or no experience with powerful stimulants. Smoking cocaine freebase produces a very high cocaine blood and brain level, similar to that produced by injection.

NATURE AND USE: Cocaine freebase is the alkaloidal base of cocaine hydrochloride, which in turn is a refined extract of the coca plant leaves. Coca has been cultivated since ancient times in the uplands of South America, where the leaves are chewed for their mild stimulant and euphoric effects. The primary method of cocaine use in the United States has been via nasal insufflation, i.e., snorting. Because absorption through the nasal mucosa is limited, cocaine use has been commonly viewed as relatively free of serious health consequences or dependence liability. In recent years, however, the smoking of cocaine freebase has become increasingly popular, and "freebase kits" used for the home conversion of the hydrochloride are readily available.

The idea of smoking coca products is not new. According to Jeri *et al.*¹, urban Peruvians smoke coca paste (pasta)—a crude extract of coca leaves containing coca sulfate, ecgonine, other coca alkaloids, benzoic acid and kerosene resi-

COCAINE FREEBASE

ALSO KNOWN AS:
**FREEBASE, BASE, THE VAPORS,
VIPER, PASTA, BASA, BASEBALL,
WHITE PIPE, THE DRAGON (AS IN CHASING).**

Medical advice by David Smith, M.D.
Written by
David Smith and Rick Seymour

**The authors do not advocate the
use of any psychoactive substances.**

due—in tobacco or marijuana cigarettes. Smoking of the hydrochloride is occasionally reported here but is not popular because in this form, cocaine's melting point is 197°C. and most of it is burned without effect. Conversely, freebase melts at 98°C. and vaporizes easily. Users vaporize the freebase by heating it and inhaling the vapor.

In addiction-prone individuals, snorting cocaine can become compulsive, with continued use in spite of consequences, although the probability of cocaine dependence is much higher with freebase.

EFFECTS: Users describe numbing of the mouth and

throat and an intense euphoric "rush." The euphoria is quickly followed by irritability. During this phase, users feel compelled to "do more freebase."²

ECONOMICS: Freebasing is very, very expensive! Compulsive, repetitive use can be quite hazardous to your assets.

HAZARDS AND LIABILITIES: Due to its local anesthetic properties on the bronchial mucosa, irritation is not noticed during use. Postuse bronchial irritation may last several days. Bronchitis can be severe, with chronic users coughing up blood and black-streaked sputum for weeks following sustained use. Unlike

snorting, where the constriction of blood vessels in the nose decreases absorption with continuing use, freebasing utilizes the bronchial mucosa, which remains a large, efficient absorption surface, greatly increasing risk of cocaine overdose. With the massive dosages made possible by freebase smoking, drug-induced psychosis and various physical complications can occur. Several dealers in the San Francisco area have become extensively involved in smoking freebase and have become physically emaciated and psychologically devastated by high dose, daily use. Both ethyl ether and petroleum ether are extremely flammable, and we have heard of several individuals who were severely burned while preparing freebase with these substances. Finally, the use of sedatives or opiates, simultaneously or sequentially, to combat the "over-amped" feeling produced by the cocaine, may cause secondary drug dependence of the opiate or alcohol type.

FIRST AID PLUS: Overdoses on cocaine freebase range from anxiety to seizure. With the over-amp anxiety reaction, reassurance and occasional sedative hypnotic medication such as diazepam are all that is necessary. Medical life-support measures and intravenous diazepam are necessary for life-threatening, cocaine-induced seizures. The cocaine-induced psychosis after a long run of freebase usually requires hospitalization and antipsychotic medication such as haloperidol. □

¹ Jeri, F.R., Sanchez, C., Pozo, T. Del, and Fernandez, M., "The Syndrome of Coca Pastas," *Journal of Psychoactive Drugs*, 10(4): 361-370, Oct.-Dec. 1978.

² Wesson, D.R., "Smoking Cocaine Freebase," *Newsletter from the California Society for Treatment of Alcoholism and Other Drug Dependencies*, 6(4), Oct. 1979.

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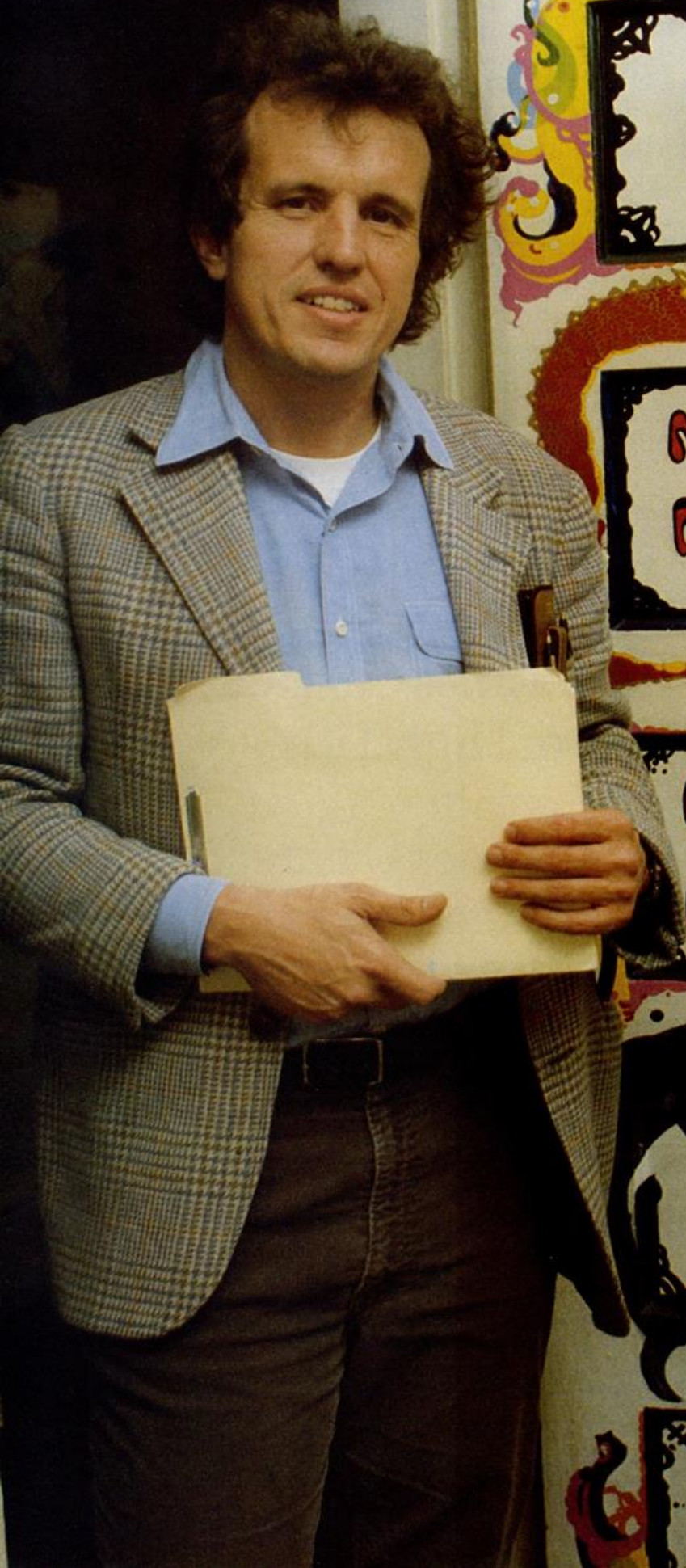
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One guy snorts coke occasionally and it's never had an adverse effect . . . while another guy's gone from snorting to freebasing to shooting up, and his world's falling apart. The nation's premiere authority on drug abuse tells why some people can handle it and others wind up junkies.

DAVID SMITH, M.D.

by DEAN LATIMER

"H *health care is a right, not a privilege."*

When Dr. David Smith coined this motto for the Haight-Ashbury Free Clinic in San Francisco in 1967, it was absolutely revolutionary. The Haight itself, for one thing, looked something like a white middle-class suburb of Calcutta that season, littered with Summer of Love veterans manifesting speed psychoses, acid flashbacks, prolonged malnutrition, infected tracks, Vietnamese clap and ravenous addiction to Vietnamese heroin. The place was an Augean stable of flower power turned moldy, and it was the prevailing opinion of decent citizens everywhere that those hippies would best be cleaned out by the natural forces of morbidity and mortality.

Smith, though, who was just then finishing a postdoctorate fellowship in pharmacology and toxicology at the University of California at San Francisco, coaxed and shamed the city into providing him a spacious three-story Victorian mansion at 409 Clayton Street. It was guerrilla medicine: tending kids too scared to go to a hospital but too fucked up to take care of themselves. Periodically, as Vietnam festered along, they also had to stitch up billy-club wounds and sluice CS tear gas out of teenage mucous membranes. Of course, the Haight clinic was the first place to develop effective treatments for PCP overdoses, and as time went on, it developed into possibly the most accomplished, experienced and effective drug-abuse treatment facility in the country.

Today, after treating nearly 700,000 patients—all confidentially—the Haight-Ashbury Free Clinic is a recognized institution in international medicine, right up there with the Mayo Clinic and Masters-Johnson. Funding comes in from hospitals and clinics around the world, and from the U.S. federal government, in exchange for the unique in vitro drug research that the clinic can undertake. David Smith, author of papers on everything from delayed stress syndrome in Viet vets to patterns in street amphetamine ripoffs, is a full-time government and academic consultant, and a fellow of the British Royal Society of Medicine.

The Haight-Ashbury Free Clinic, nowadays, on weekday afternoons and evenings, offers the services of 100 medical volunteers under a small, paid staff. Its recovery programs are geared to handle people strung out on any sort of dope, anonymity guaranteed. The special Women's Needs section is a developing model for all such programs nationwide. Bay Area concerts are serviced by the clinic's high-tech Rock Medicine mobile unit, ready for every problem from walking-talking PCP ODs to childbirth. Smith's practice runs the gamut from afternoons in the children's wards to evenings detoxifying Persian heroin casualties.

HIGH TIMES: I think everyone has noticed an increasingly repressive climate these days in regard to drugs. You've been a major force in drug treatment for many years now. If you were in a position to set government policy, what would you do about criminal laws involving drugs?

SMITH: I get asked this a great deal. I'm primarily in the treatment side; I feel most comfortable dealing with high-risk families and individuals, training physicians and other health-care professionals, treating people with addictive disease. In social policy, this whole cops and robbers game makes me uncomfortable. I don't see that it's doing any good; it's just wasting a lot of money—spending millions of dollars that could be used for treatment or education, in a counterproductive effort to control marijuana. It does nothing more than drive up the price and criminalize a lot of individuals.

HIGH TIMES: Makes a hell of a lot of money

for the police, between the enforcement budget and the bribes.

SMITH: Yeah, the laws keep the law-enforcement establishment and philosophy on top. But I have certain conflicts. Take an issue like legal heroin. Okay, part of me says that if you keep the laws the way they are, there's a high social cost, certainly. The price of heroin stays high, it leads to crime, it forces people to stay in the addict culture, and law-enforcement resources continue to be misappropriated. But on the other hand, I know that the supply of heroin is a major factor in whether an individual gets involved in it or not. A lot of people initially come in for treatment because the cost of heroin is high, and maybe the supply is down. So I feel that if heroin were legalized, then the social cost would be decreased, but the number of heroin addicts would increase. I know that absolutely, without question. There are a large number of peo-

ple who have a taste for heroin.

HIGH TIMES: If you study the British experience, where addicts get heroin on the National Health, it doesn't look like a terrible disaster.

SMITH: There's debate. I think there's evidence that the current British system has decreased the social cost but increased the number of addicts.

HIGH TIMES: Not just a matter of unregistered addicts coming out of the woodwork to get free smack on the National Health?

SMITH: There are methodological debates. I'm just telling you my opinion and experience. We have this large number of people who got on methadone maintenance and are now coming to our clinic to detoxify from methadone. Withdrawal from methadone is much more serious than withdrawal from heroin. These people feel like they're prisoners; they've lost their flexibility and freedom. *continued on next page*

"Addiction involves three things: compulsion, loss of control and continued use in spite of consequences."

HIGH TIMES: Well, you can't get high on anything while you're in methadone maintenance. The methadone blocks opiates, makes it impossible to get high, and these are people who like being high. So they feel like they're in a straitjacket.

SMITH: They feel they've essentially become prisoners of the state and that the state controls their behavior with methadone.

HIGH TIMES: Yeah, a lot of people who run methadone programs are on terrible power trips. They make people jump through hoops just to stay well, for this drug that doesn't even get them high.

SMITH: You see why those in the recovery field and recovered addicts are very much opposed to anything that would increase the supply of heroin. When they were in that ambivalent stage early on, trying to decide if they wanted to go into recovery or keep on using the drug, they would have signed up for a legal-heroin clinic if it'd been available.

In California we had something that might be considered quite brutal on the surface, but it produced an interesting social experiment. In two counties: the Board of Supervisors in one county decided to just terminate methadone maintenance, and in the parallel county, with much the same population, they kept the clinic open. In the county that closed the service, there was no detox or anything; you just went to get your dose one day and the door was closed. And you couldn't go get methadone in the next county, because all the clinic slots there were fixed and occupied.

Okay. About a third of the addicts in the dry county went back on heroin, about a third more moved to an area where methadone was available and the remaining third stopped using opiates and got into recovery. And they said if they'd stayed on methadone, they never would've gotten clean and into recovery.

HIGH TIMES: "The Closing of the Bakersfield Methadone Clinic": that was in NIDA's *Problems of Drug Dependence*, 1979.

SMITH: I thought it was quite fascinating, because it does demonstrate that being involved with the legal-drug system does help sustain one's addiction and impair entry into recovery. But then I get into debates

with social theorists who advocate deregulation and legalization to reduce the social costs, and part of me supports that too.

You could increase the supply of marijuana to an unlimited extent; because it's a drug of such low-abuse potential, you would not compromise recovery from addiction. There I'd clearly advocate both decriminalization and legalization, because the social costs far outweigh the recovery arguments. But since I'm primarily oriented towards recovery, I am opposed to legalizing heroin. I say that fully recognizing that the current system doesn't work and inflicts a huge social cost. Hopefully, we can figure out a way to reduce the social costs without increasing the number of addicts.

HIGH TIMES: Do you think there's a natural human instinct to get high? Would you use the term "get high" to describe that instinct? **SMITH:** I like "altered consciousness." It's a very important theory. You see it in kids, you know. They like to spin around, get dizzy and laugh. It's a basic desire of people, to alter their consciousness. And for complicated psychophysiological and sociocultural reasons, a certain percentage of the human population uses dysfunctional ways of altering their consciousness.

HIGH TIMES: Getting high on illegal dope, though: Is that really dysfunctional of itself, or does the dysfunction mainly arise because society has chosen to forbid these particular areas of expression?

SMITH: I give credence to that. But I don't believe that this social-model theory explains everything. It doesn't hold up, because you can't ignore this matter of biological predisposition. In a ghetto, for instance, there's the same sociocultural influence on everybody: poverty. How come everybody isn't addicted? In a middle-class population, even among people who are raised without a dysfunctional background, how come a certain percentage develop the disease of addiction and some don't?

HIGH TIMES: The more I get into studying this psychobiology business, the more it comes to resemble something like astrology. There seems to be a certain number of human behavioral patterns, of different personality types. And one of the clearest, and easiest to delineate, is this kind of person who is compelled to do drugs, to gam-

ble, or to do something else compulsive that's automatically illegal. And it's illegal mainly because *these* people feel compelled to do it, so far as I can see.

SMITH: There are people who are compulsive in everything they do, and there you could say the personality factors are the main contributing point. There are people whose dysfunction is only in the drug area, and only within one drug group. But I don't want to come off propounding pure biology and genetics.

For example, my wife runs an addicted-nurses group, with about twenty-five nurses in treatment and recovery, and she's helping set up similar groups around the country. Now, eighty percent of these nurses began their addiction after they became nurses, and they only use in the hospital. Outside the hospital, many of them are in withdrawal.

HIGH TIMES: My God. They must have something like a bad cold every weekend. What do they do on a three-day weekend, totally detoxify?

SMITH: They have withdrawals, but much less narcotics hunger than you might think, outside the hospital environment. They just sit there biting their fingernails, saying, "I've got to stop this, I am definitely going to stop." And then they go back to the hospital on Monday, and they see the Demerol needle and the syringe, and that environmental cue stimulates their narcotics hunger immensely.

HIGH TIMES: So they fix up. With Demerol? They must have to fix up twice as often, every couple hours. Do they use a tie cord, booting and coasting?

SMITH: Yes, but only in the hospital. Most of these people have never been involved in the drug culture, and they seek drugs only in a medical environment. Strictly Demerol and morphine. I run groups for addicted physicians, too, and we perceive this as an occupational hazard. The incidence of addiction among doctors and nurses is two to four times the national average, while the alcoholism rate is the same or slightly less. And their onset of addiction comes *after* they enter the medical profession.

We're stressing that this is an occupational hazard, and one of the big factors is pharmacological optimism. They see the way drugs work in their patients, alleviating pain and anxiety, and they think it should work for them as well. And the environmental cues come to stimulate their drug hunger.

They're in the hospital, Monday to Friday, saying, "My God, here I am, sticking needles in my arm. I'm going to lose my license." Then over the weekend they're in withdrawal and *know* they have to stop. But next Monday they're on the ward again, with the drugs and needles, smells and sounds, all the cues to stimulate their narcotics hunger.

But my associate, Dr. Donald Wesson, has done a trial of Naltrexone, which blocks

the opiate receptor for a long period.

HIGH TIMES: It's an opiate antagonist. You drink it, and after that, for forty-eight hours, no opiate will have any effect on you at all, right? Or your own endorphins, either.

SMITH: Yes. We have some physicians and nurses on Naltrexone. They report that with Naltrexone, even in the hospital environment they have a great reduction in narcotics hunger. Now, by pure pharmacology that shouldn't happen, because Naltrexone is a pure opiate antagonist with no agonist properties.

HIGH TIMES: It certainly shouldn't abolish these environmental cues that stimulate drug hunger, by its own pharmacological action, right?

SMITH: Right. They go into their familiar medical environment, and they're ambivalent. Part of them wants to keep on using, part of them wants to stop and get into recovery.

HIGH TIMES: But Naltrexone takes care of that. They *know* that for forty-eight hours after their dose, they're not going to be able to do any opiate and get off.

SMITH: So it greatly reduces the ambivalence. They see the Demerol, the needle and syringe, but they're on Naltrexone and they know they can't use. So it greatly reduces the drug hunger. Therefore, we believe that drug hunger, which is a big factor in triggering relapse after detoxification, is stimulated by environmental cues.

HIGH TIMES: Maybe if you told them Naltrexone would block the effects of cocaine, too... It'd be a lie, but if they didn't *know* any better, it might work just as well at desensitizing their response to environmental cues, and abolish their drug hunger.

SMITH: If you just get into recovery, drug hunger will start to reduce itself. But recovery is much more manageable when you're not fighting drug hunger every day. The cocaine abusers I treat are addicts; they've exhibited compulsion and loss of control and continued use in spite of consequences. They can't return to social use, and every time they try, they screw up their family, their money, their health. So they're highly motivated to stop. But in early recovery they have a very bad time with drug hunger. They hear a song they used to like while they were using it, they pass a location where they used to use, they see a free-base pipe or syringe and it stimulates cocaine hunger—environmental cues that to the nonaddict brain would have no impact.

They have to learn how to deal with drug hunger. One of the things we stress is that silence is the enemy of recovery. A lot of people got into treatment when their wives said, "Look, you either stop and get into treatment, or I am taking the kids and leaving. You're sleeping up on the roof all night, you say you're going to be home at seven and you come home two days later." So they're motivated to stop because of what it's doing to their family. But if they get this drug hunger, they're afraid to tell the

wife, because she'll say, "My God, you're going off on another run. Good-bye." So they don't talk about it, and that makes recovery a whole lot harder. In family counseling we stress that this has to be recognized, that every recovering addict has drug hunger, but it is manageable.

HIGH TIMES: This magazine has been trying to make a clear distinction between *use* and *abuse* of drugs. Obviously, addiction is certainly abuse. But can you always know if you're addicted to a particular drug?

SMITH: As I just mentioned, *addiction* involves three things: compulsion, loss of control and continued use in spite of consequences. We don't talk about "physical dependence" or "psychological dependence"; our emphasis is that these are the *consequences* of compulsive use. The key point is, if a person uses a drug without abusing it, and does not develop this addictive syndrome—compulsion, loss of control, continued use in spite of consequences—then that's their own business. But if they manifest compulsion, loss of control and continued use in spite of consequences, we consider that to be addictive disease, and we believe the individual should get into recovery. At some point that person should seek treatment in a recovery program.

See, that's where the big debate comes on regarding abstinence. If you've been addicted to a particular drug, then our experience has been that you cannot return to controlled use. Many people try to. They see their friends using now and then in a controlled way without any problem, and they think they can do it also. This is a terribly important point to emphasize, without coming across as moralistic and judgmental and saying that all people who use drugs develop problems: If you, in your own experience, have experienced compulsion, loss of control and continued use in spite of consequences, then I believe you have to accept that you cannot return to controlled use.

I lead four different recovery groups at four different hospitals in the Bay Area. This is an issue that comes up all the time. A lot of people say that they have snorted cocaine and had no problem. But then they started freebasing and spending all their money on it, every available dollar. And

"If you've been addicted to a particular drug, you cannot return to controlled use."

these are very often middle-class users who are not committed to the drug culture. The first thing they do is to allocate more of their spendable income on drugs, and maybe they'll even work harder to earn more money. But then when it starts getting to that cutting edge, where even that's not enough, they either stop and get in treatment or start getting into white-collar crime. They don't necessarily go into the drug culture and participate in armed robbery; but there's a cutting point where behavior changes.

HIGH TIMES: There's an interesting sort of freebase stepping-stone syndrome. People start snorting, then they get into freebasing and finally they get strung out on basing to the point of real toxic psychosis and need something to get them back down. So, since they *are* middle class and can afford it, they try smoking heroin, that brown Persian smack. And they do this roller coaster so often, before they know it they're so strung out on the smack they can't afford coke at all anymore.

SMITH: With heroin you get tolerance development; and when you're coming off you have withdrawal, so you readminister so you won't feel bad. The point is, you get to the stage where you say to yourself, "Oh, this is getting bad, it's producing physical, behavioral, mental dysfunction in my life." After that, if you continue to use in spite of these consequences, then you're exhibiting this addictive disease, and we believe you should get into recovery. And then we believe, from our experience, that you cannot go back to controlled use.

HIGH TIMES: Even if you've gone this whole progressive stepping-stone route, snorting to basing to shooting heroin, you can't go back to just snorting coke?

SMITH: Well, our experience has been that within the drug group, there are some people who abuse multiple drugs. My wife, for example, is a recovered alcoholic and heroin addict. She lives a totally chemical-free life now. She's been in recovery with Alcoholics Anonymous, clean and sober, for five years, and now she runs this addicted-nurses recovery group. She's never *used* a drug in her life; she's abused everything she's ever touched, whether it's alcohol, cocaine, speed, barbiturates or heroin. So if you're a multiple drug abuser like this, then

**"In 1967
there was
no drug-abuse
treatment in America;
where you were
treated was jail."**

two parents who are alcoholic, you have a four hundred times higher chance of developing addictive disease.

HIGH TIMES: You're talking about psychology now, right? There are certain people who exhibit a particular constellation of personality traits that appear to be tied up with compulsive, addictive behavior, correct?

SMITH: Yeah, but I think it's really important to emphasize that it's not just psychological. There's a psychophysiological profile, and people fall into a high-susceptibility group and a low-susceptibility group. But the greatest correlative of being in the high-susceptibility group is not a personality type; it's a psychophysiological profile, in which the biological predisposition may be far more important than the psychological factor.

To illustrate this, my wife's been in recovery for five years, and we have a two-year-old son. Millicent has never used any psychoactive drug since long before he was born, nor have there been any disruptive episodes in the family as a consequence of her use. But our son still has a thirty-five times higher probability of developing addictive disease than an individual who didn't have one addicted parent. Now, with bad child rearing there's a higher probability of that development, and a lower probability with good child rearing. But research is seriously questioning the influence of rearing here. For example, there are studies where they followed twins who were adopted separately at birth and raised in different families, in nonalcoholic families. A twenty-year follow-up showed that if one twin was alcoholic, the other was bound to be alcoholic too. This is the type of research that would screen out negative child-rearing influences. As with any pattern, addiction is a complicated interaction between physical characteristics, psychological characteristics and the sociocultural environment. But there's more evidence today that there exists a physiological, genetic transmission for a biological predisposition toward addictive diseases.

HIGH TIMES: So you're not just metaphorical when you talk about addiction as a disease.

SMITH: Not at all. Since our two-year-old

son is in the high-susceptibility group—no matter how good the child rearing—we need to educate him about addictive disease. And we try to get people to think of it as just like diabetes: If your family has a history of diabetes, you have a higher probability of developing diabetes. We've even started groups for the children of recovering addicts, so they can deal with these issues. See, if you're in the high-susceptibility group, you have to be much more careful about drug experimentation. What is benign for other people may not be benign for you. The message has to get across that there is this genetic biological predisposi-

tion, and you have to accept that in a non-judgmental way.

HIGH TIMES: In *Marijuana and Health*, the National Academy of Science's 1982 report on pot, their chapter on adolescent drug use came up with a pretty clear profile of high-school seniors who smoke dope. About ten percent of them smoke "daily," which means about once every two or three days. And there's a whole constellation of personality traits they all seem to have in common, that ten percent. They all hang out almost exclusively with each other, they all start drinking alcohol about the age of thirteen to fourteen, *before* they get into pot. After they get out of high school, they continue to smoke daily for years, although their work status is the same as anyone else's and they don't get in any more trouble than other people. But they *are* different from other people, from childhood through life. So *Marijuana and Health* actually winds up recommending looking at small children for personality traits—certain indications of aggressiveness or shyness—right when they enter school. Give 'em all Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventories or something. And then you diagnose these people, these little children, as *potential* drug abusers, and use some sort of behav-

continued on page 86

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by Tom Kinney

THE SIDE DOOR BURSTS OPEN, plunging cold Ohio night air into the mildew-infected locker room.

Tom Rusk wanders into the dressing room, hunches his jacket up and over spreading coat-hanger shoulders and crumples down in shrouded silence on a bench.

The prevailing mood around him is that of a flatbed trailer jammed with milling pigs holding one-way tickets to the bone house.

Anxious gladiators are strewn about on battered benches faking nonchalance, dancing and jabbing with forced bravado, or sleeping lightly like soldiers before the big push.

Others sit or pace in steely, nervous silence, eyes fastened on some internal mandala of pain and horror.

When they attempt to speak, a dry cackling issues forth, a postcard from the Sahara: "Hi, wish you were here... instead of me."

Fear seeps in wrenching chemical fumes from dilated pores in lieu of the perspiration to come. Each handshake is delivered with icy formality, a chilly and damp good-bye note.

The warriors had been loose and jocular the first night of the World Toughman Contest, held at the Ohio state fairgrounds in Columbus last February. With two rings operating side by side, bodies falling left and right like so many sides of beef, the atmosphere was that of worker camaraderie on a good day at the locker plant.

By the second night, only 16 of the original 64 combatants remain. The horseplay has given way to a dimensionless tension.

An unemployed business-degree graduate out of the University of Iowa, Tom Rusk has come to fight for the money; the money and the love of Spartan competition that drove him to excel in the interior wall of the UI football team a few years back.

Like most of the guys there, Rusk had won a local Toughman, in Dubuque, and had been invited to Columbus to vie for the big purse, \$80,000 in all: 50 for first; 20 for second; 5 for third and fourth.

Rusk's rough-hewn mug is an unfinished masterpiece, a study in granite interrupted between the first bold strokes and the finer cuts.

He speaks only when spoken to, and then softly, as softly and deftly as he glides across the ring on giant padded banana-boat feet.

From his sanctuary on the bench, Rusk reconnoiters the long narrow room, wondering which pair of eyes will soon stare out of the opposing foxhole.

His gaze is rudely grounded on a densely muscled black man, Walter "Slick" Gantt, who is slumped against a locker, eyes sealed, mind racing with the pedal stuck.

Next in Rusk's line of vision is Floyd Sam-

uel Scaff, a Cattlesburg, Kentucky, pipe-fitter, 280 pounds of fun time, the only megabeheemoth to survive Friday's eliminations. (While the big boys are a common sight at the local contests, few triumph. The winners are usually the smaller, more mobile types between 190 and 210 pounds.)

Scaff is locked into a terse, whispered dialogue with a gregarious weightlifter, Dan Goddard, seven times powerlifting champ of Iowa, and an exercise consultant at a Champaign, Illinois, health-care center. Health-center owner Dr. Sandy Schwartz, Goddard's friend, mentor and hypemeister and sports-medicine editor for *Muscle and Fitness* magazine, flits protectively about the great beast like a parasite bird.

Goddard and Scaff don't know it, but in a few precious minutes their fast friendship will collapse in a cross fire of vicious wayward blows. Shortly, the Cattlesburg Kid will relieve the burden of memory from the amiable Midwestern beach boy with a spin-crash-burn tomahawk right followed by a quick fade to black.

Just across the hall from the sullen bruisers, in a smaller, stuffier dressing room, the Miss Toughman girls, sumptuous, chattering, hillbilly Barbarellas, are also stripping down for action. A popular Toughman tradition, they pack ring cards between rounds, adding the condiment of flesh to the main course of spirits and bloodshed.

The girls are gleaned off the streets and bars through various competitions, and rooted out of local modeling agencies with nameless incentives. They have also come to fight for what is rightfully theirs: exposure, recognition, publicity and perhaps a sleepless night with one of the celebs hanging around, a pro fighter or even an actor.

While the girls are a bit suspicious of strangers walking around their dressing room in the midst of the costume meltdown, they haven't come this far to back down, and the brief recalcitrance is quickly overcome.

A deafening rustle of silky underthings swooshing down over trembling limbs is roaring in my eardrums from all sides of the room as the walls begin to wobble. In the back of the room, Anita Mills, the pride of Columbus Lennox Heating and Air-Conditioning, a tree-tall Zulu maiden, is attempting a discreet costume change without attracting my attention. A bazooka discharges near my ear and the walls melt into the floor in an unceremonious puddle.

Holding court in the center of the room, radiantly impaled upon the beautician's chair, is their unofficial spokeswoman and tribal matriarch, Miss Tamerra "Rabbit" Jewell. More action than her G-string can begin to contain, more beauty than you





Photos by Steven R. Nickerson

Blood, Sweat and Tears at **THE WORLD TOUGHMAN CONTEST**



thought existed in Ohio, Miss Rabbit is the original Miss Toughman, a tradition in and of herself. She has been with the promoters since the first contest held in Bay City, Michigan, in January '79, and she lets the other girls know it.

Rabbit is a small-town princess at home among fighters and the blood they spill, some of it no doubt in her name. A former go-go dancer, she has loved boxing since she was a lass, torturing the dreams of young, southern-Ohio boys when she regularly attended pro cards with her gramps. The sport, in turn, has taken favor on her presence.

Outside the festering locker rooms a din is slowly building. Like wolves in the last days of a deer-shortage winter, a barnacle-encrusted humanity—deep-sixers from the shallow end of the gene pool—has begun to howl. The armchair bloodletters are buckled into their seats, primed to fever pitch on alcohol and blood lust, ready to watch bodies fly and heads roll.

THE BIG PROBLEM WITH PROFESSIONAL fight promotion is getting people into the arenas," shrugged Art Dore, guiding light of Ardore Ltd., the Toughman promoter.

"People won't come to see pro boxing because, unless it's a top bout, it's a setup. People aren't stupid. If I'm putting on the pro card, and these guys are fighting for me, who in the hell do you think is going to win? Most club-level fights go one or two rounds, the guy lays down, gets his paycheck and heads on to the next town."

Dore commenced his opening volley, casing the Hilton suite Toughman headquarters for consensus from an assorted group of camp followers, pro fighters, Hollywood actors, friends and strangers, business cohorts and lackeys. Heads bob sagely.

Dore ought to know. He's been promoting pro boxing for 20 years with his partner, Dean Oswald. Dore and Oswald hatched the Toughman concept together, and although privately each will take credit, Ardore Ltd., as the name implies, is Dore's baby.

Dore—millionaire international demolitionist, promoter at one time for Tommy Hearn and Ernie Shavers, realty magnate and building contractor, not to mention countless peripheral endeavors—is a small, roundish man and a former Golden Glover. ("I've fought one hundred fights... won one," he joshed.) He has the charm of something left marinating overnight in a glass of wine, tired and droopy. Shrill in a tipsy sort of way one moment, he's damn-the-torpedoes good-ol'-boy the next.

Oswald fought pro as a 213-pound heavyweight with a career record of 14-5, fighting his last stand several years ago at age 38. Long, lean and still semihard, with rangy good looks and a neatly trimmed gray beard, Oswald is a Lee Marvin role sprung to life.

Dore at one time promoted Oswald's fights, and the two have been friends since

attending the Bay City high school together.

Make no mistake; this is the fight crowd, fast and loose and every bit at home in their Hilton suite as any Australian heavy-metal band, shotgunning beers, riffing witticism and watching "Lone Ranger" reruns.

Running with them at the World Toughman is Dennis Quaid, the sly charmer of *Breaking Away*, and the lead in *Tough Enough*, the \$12-million 20th Century Fox movie about the Toughman. Quaid portrays an unemployed country-western singer who enters a local contest fighting his way to the world championship. Quaid's no alien to the fight game, having worked out with the YMCA boxing team in L.A. ("An actor has to practice movement somehow—some dance, I box," he said.)

Quaid, who spent the second night of the Toughman smothered by ring girls, said that the fight sequences in *Tough Enough*, done by the same guy who worked on *Raging Bull*, are among the best he's seen. According to Warren Oates, who portrays Dore in the movie, and Quaid, who viewed screenings in Phoenix and Fresno, "People were standing around in the aisles screaming, jumping around and throwing shit all over the place."

Dore and Oswald had become disenchanted with the diminishing prospects yielded by boxing promotions when they first considered starting the Toughman contests. They had noticed a curious phenomenon that occurred every time a Bay City club fighter climbed into the ring with his lukewarm act. The kid had nothing going for him other than a bad case of nerves, but he had heart and he was tough. And, he drew spectators. People, they reasoned, would rather watch a gutsy local breaking for the roses than a pro's savvy dance-and-jab routine, but how to promote it?

"If we came into a town and said we were going to hold a subnovice, amateur boxing event, you know who'd be there?" Dore queried. "Me and the fighters. But we say we're going to have a Toughman contest, all these bar brawlers and street fighters and construction workers, and they're all going to be heavyweights from one hundred seventy-five to four hundred pounds."

Dore mustered up the Toughman prototype in Bay City, held it with little prior publicity other than word of mouth (along the lines of "Hey, there's a fight outside, let's go") and it was a smashing success. Immediately they arranged a second contest, this time in Marquette, Michigan, where it was just a question of scheduling all the bar fights of a given Saturday night under one roof. Upon their second success, they began slating a world contest at the Detroit Silverdome, "to give us some credibility," Oswald grunted.

To publicize the world contest, held in late '79, they sent out 30,000 Toughman posters "to every listed bar in the United States and Canada," according to Dore. Meanwhile, they were busy setting up regional fights throughout the country, meet-

ing mucho resistance from envious amateur associations everywhere they went. Three years later they have held contests in over 100 cities in 28 states.

IT WAS APPARENT FROM THE first round of eliminations Saturday night who the finalists would be. Rusk was waltzing through his opposition like a leper at a Christian Science potluck, speaking the words of Hamlet—"You got to be cruel to be kind, in the right measure"—with his fists. Moving with equal latitude through the other bracket, a suspiciously talented black named Watkins from Canton, Ohio, was displaying his arsenal on parade, the Russian army on May Day maneuvers.

During the rounds the high-spirited tough gals canter ringside like registered thoroughbreds, impatient to make their entrance. Each gal gets a crack at prom- enading her stuff around the cakewalk, and they don't waste the opportunity, co- quetting it to the limit with endearing go- go pirouettes and soft-pedaled bumps and grinds.

While Miss Rabbit, a seasoned and gamy vet, maintains her in-ring poise with a sa- distic calm, some of the initiates are awe- struck. One gal in particular was so hyper- adrenalized that her body shook in great uncontrollable tremors, teeth clenched to avoid mashing lips, threatening to skeeter right off the stage in spasmodic orgasm.

Each time the ropes parted to reveal an- other shuddering lovely, an intense little reptile, inhabiting a front-row seat, would hiss his love haiku—"bitch... bitch... bitch," climaxing in a steamy fervor. Next to him, his buddy, a graduate from the school of uneven lumps, sat dead immobile, muscles tensed, lips moving soundlessly, glaring up at the girls from under hooded eyes. The unthinkable things they would do to their inflatable girl friends later that night.

Scaff dispensed with Goddard in the bat- tle of the titans, and might have made it to the finals were it not for a tall drink of water with a concealed weapon. Scaff came out strong in his next fight against Ken Baker, of Jake's Auto Maintenance Supply World fame, from Toledo, laying all his stakes on the table. The ring listed from stern to bal- last as he bounded across in two thunder- ous leaps, commencing to give Baker the once-over twice, offering a two-for-one sale on mayhem.

Baker managed to weather the first de- luge, but was looking like the captain of a sinking ship as the last lifeboat dropped into the water, when the situation quickly reversed.

In the second round Baker began sailing some counterpunches back between Scaff's lunch and dinner, tying him up near the ropes, when the big guy surfaced from a clinch sporting a second left eyebrow.

Sensing foul play, a conflagrated mob bel- lowed in mutinous indignation as a pro- jectile stream of blood spurted over the

canvas and flash-flooded his eye.

Seeing a chance to bail out, Scaff objected strenuously and ostentatiously, taking a de- fiant victory lap around the arena to the sound of bedlam.

Firefights broke out all over the place as temperatures climbed to combustion.

Shrieking in solidarity for the circling Scaff, a disgruntled beard in overalls wheeled on a nasty little sociopath who had been preoccupied ralphing into his boots, clubbing him with a backhand. The little guy looked up in wonderment. A couple of ralph's friends leaped up and lunged at his attacker, about to commence an awful wailing, when they were all doused into crackling embers by a beer bath from the balcony.

The ref was obliged to call the fight, but Scaff could hardly be blamed for beefing. After two nights the big guy was scarcely a round short of finishing in the money, and he hadn't been hurt. A judge later confided that he was ahead in points and probably would have won were it not for the blood flushing out of his eye.

THE ARDORE BOYS RUN THEIR scam with a skeleton crew and a bare-bones strategy: posters in all local bars; a front man who arrives in town five weeks in advance, setting up the ring, locat- ing local trainers, refs, judges, tough boys and girls and orchestrating a last-minute deluge of electronic and print ad spots.

Problem is, by the time they do their job on the promotions—making lewd insinua- tions about the types of creatures on dis- play inside the ring—they have eroded any credibility they might have enjoyed among local straight sports media.

"We're dealing with a two-handed sword," Dore admitted. "On one hand we're trying to portray a gruesome bloody image to put people in the seats. On the other, we're trying to tell the media, 'Don't crucify us, that isn't what happens.'"

"Now, you find me a four-hundred pound- er who can fight—I'd like to see him. But when you say four hundred pounds, it paints a picture. Then you say 'No biting or kicking'—it paints a picture. Never could bite or kick, doesn't mean a damn thing. It's promotion."

The boxing establishment has maligned the Ardore promoters, but so have a lot of people with no connection to the sport, per- ceiving it as a depression-era syndrome, capitalizing on unemployment, exploiting the common man in the most time-honored fashion.

But how dangerous is the Toughman? Last year, several dozen pro boxers died around the world in legitimate competi- tions. In three years, after 7,000 fighters have fought 21,000 scheduled Toughman rounds, they've had one death (the autopsy revealed an aneurysm, Dore claimed) and two serious injuries.

Entrants must submit to a rigorous physi- cal before being declared battle ready, which

"Eighty percent of the heavyweights in the world today would get knocked on their ass in a Toughman contest."

took four hours at the world contest. Head- gear and crotch protection is optional, a standing eight-count is employed with far greater speed than at pro or amateur events, and, like the Scaff fight, they will stop a fight if the ref senses a fighter in trouble, regardless of crowd disapproval.

Amateur boxing, as Dore is quick to indi- cate, is hardly innocent. The day before our interview, a novice Golden Gloves boxer died in New Mexico. Because he had been over 20 years old, under Golden Gloves rules he had fought in the open classifica- tion. Although it was his first tournament, he conceivably could have been fighting a guy with 250 previous amateur fights.

"I was talking to a Golden Gloves trainer down in the Bay City gym the other night," Dore recalled. "I said, 'Man, you got a big team, where'd you get all these guys?' He said, 'I dunno, I get 'em here and there—I get twenty bucks apiece for them, man, I don't give a shit if they can't fight.' He gets paid twenty fuckin' bucks apiece for them, Jesus!"

Another problem the Ardore promoters have had to face down has been the pro- liferation of copycat endeavors—King of the Hill, Gladiators, Tough Guys and one nameless operation in Montana where pro- moters roped off a bar and charged two dol- lars cover to watch men murder each other with bare fists. Dore quickly patented the Toughman name, but every place where they've been preceded by a copycat, the event has been banned.

One copycat effort, started by a would-be rival in Bay City, allowed pros to enter, opened it up to kick boxers and had no weight categories. In short, anything went. Dore countered by sending Murray Suther- land, number one light-heavyweight and sometime Toughman ref, and another box- er from his stable, Chi Erick. Erick and Sutherland charged through their respec- tive brackets and were paired for the final, entered under false names.

"I sent a couple of my boys over there, Murray and Chi," Dore guffawed, "and

The big guy surfaced from a clinch sporting a second left eyebrow.

they just beat the shit out of everybody. Got down to the last fight and they just walked around the ring and really made the promoter look like an asshole."

FOR ONE TOUGH LITTLE GAMECOCK, Paul Ford, a Columbus welder, the luck of the draw was a shady lady. Ford, who was "dedicating this fight to my mother," must have felt he called a curse down on his house, as he watched Rusk plow through the ropes at the other end of the ring.

The little guy had more technique than most, but it was just so much piss upwind under the Rusk genocide platform. Ford opened cautiously, dragging his left on his hip like a gunslinger, the right held back and cocked for a little game of Russian roulette, his foe never knowing which chamber would come up next.

The ploy had been successful the previous night, but now Ford was growing smaller by the minute, a diminishing shadow at high noon, as Rusk began his inexorable plundering advance.

Ford fenced and parried, jived, danced and jabbed. Rusk just stayed on task, putting the pesky jabs on extinction, giving the kid a clinic in behavior modification.

Watkins, meanwhile, was sharpening his fangs on an average white boy. His first fight was over so quickly it seemed to be happening backwards. In the quarterfinals, though, he looked to be between a rock and a hard place. Between the rock and the hard place was a 220-pound sidewinder, Slick Gantt, who had 40 pounds on the smaller Watkins.

The first round was an excursion into a highly magnetized field, as the two dark continents negated each other like energy collectors massing for a final surge. The crowd, expecting more from the two, turned ugly American.

In the second round Watkins began to tear small pieces off the larger Gantt, reducing him down to size. Gantt, who never really got his show on the road, then missed with a tentative right thrown like a Tekulve fastball.

Watkins seized the moment, moved in and flurried with a strobesopic fury, drawing back to assess the damage. He eyeballed Gantt with a camel's disdain, and threw the last thing Gantt will remember about the

fight before his picture tubes went out.

In the semis, Watkins went up against the grittiest kid there, Jesse Shepherd, a hometown boy. Shepherd had one tactic, unconditional warfare: take no prisoners, give no quarter, ask no mercy.

Watkins, however, was not to be denied. He countered Shepherd's hyperactivity with a sidearm right sent rocketing into the solar plexus. Shepherd just stared at Watkins, like a man who had just died and was awaiting further instructions. A loud, hollow thudding, the sound of dirt falling on a descending coffin, echoed an instant later like an afterthought.

But Shepherd wasn't about to go down. Watkins proceeded to set his sights on select fire, delivering a rapid combination, smorgasbord style. Shepherd countered with a desperation kamikaze charge, more show than go. Watkins set himself, faking a repetition of the devastating combo flurry, sending Shepherd into anticipatory convulsions. The instant he flinched, Watkins flung a left hook to the body that came slicing in like a scimitar, a mugger leaping out of the shadows, stealing the kid's life-breath away.

For all his gallantry, Shepherd finished in the money, 5,000 bucks, every penny of it earned, and was still standing when the final bell sounded.

As the fights wound down toward the finals, and fewer fighters were fighting more often, Rabbit commandeered the ring with a new trick up her G-string. Grabbing a meaty blonde, a comrade bombshell, Rabbit headed her toward the stage, the two going for it together. From then on the fillies cantered in formation, two, three, once even four abreast, in a bit of exotic female bonding that drove the boiling mob to the edge of their seats.

The ritual resembled some lusty version of chain wrestling, or competitive swimmers lashed together and forced to cross the English Channel. It made one wonder on the miracles of geometry as the possibilities spread out ahead like lines disappearing into the vanishing point.

Rusk then dispatched with Baker in the semis, a plodding effort as the two were nearing exhaustion. He then had to fight Watkins in the finals in back-to-back fights. Both men were game and the fight went the distance, but as with most Toughman finals, it was anticlimactic. Watkins won on a unanimous decision, declaring he would spend his money on real estate.

BOXING FANS BITCH THAT THE Toughman is all offense, no defense, and they're right. The Toughman puts the daredevil back in the athlete, the whore back in the small-town flirt. What it offers as entertainment, in its blunderbuss way, is the lost concept of heroism—the fleeting emergence of the immortal from within the mortal. Heroism—not the egocentrism of today's bionic professional athletic machines who astound with dazzling

feats that we disbelieve even as we watch, then turn around and erode all credibility with their mouths.

The Toughman also provides a breeding ground for future Rocky types, a possibility that hasn't escaped Dore. Dore, in fact, is painfully aware of the bundle that could be made from a real-life Rocky emerging through the brutal sifting process of the Toughman.

He may already have one. Last year's world Toughman winner, Michael "Too Cool for School" White, a seven-foot, 300-plus-pound Watusi obelisk, has gone pro, compiling a 10-1 record so far. He's monstrously strong, respectably coordinated and he can throw a straight punch from here to there. And, he's safely bedded in Dore's stables. Dore thinks his Toughmen can wage war in the pros any day.

"Eighty percent of the heavyweights in the world today would never make it through the Toughman contest—they'd get knocked on their ass," Dore snorted. "I know, I've got some heavyweights and I know how long they'd last in there. They might get lucky and get a shot in, but they got three rounds of a minute and a half each to get the job done, and those pros would still be dancing and thinking about it when the fight's over. These guys are good, they got the heart and they come out there to git 'em."

Until a few decades back, athletics had always been the dominion of the upper classes, and were considered to be the natural extension of fiercely held ideals. That ideals—ecclesiastical, nationalistic and personal—are at stake in the course of competition is an alien concept today.

Chariots of Fire was based on this premise, and as a result was initially difficult to understand. When the Scottish missionary states, "When I win, I feel I am honoring God," he is invoking ancient and largely forgotten beliefs.

In the Toughman, this process occurs by default. Ideals are assigned to the competitors via the imagination of the spectators, sort of an ad hoc, live soap opera, written on the spot.

The Toughman recalls the most hallowed of tent vaudeville traditions, as put forth by the mad, black-on-black French Lovecraftian cartoonist Phillipe Druillet, whose futuristic devo bikers careen wantonly through the heavens on space choppers, cutting down not just civilizations but whole universes of the stuff, only to end up on some arbitrary bloody altar somewhere, dancing ecstatically in drunken chorus lines. It is the higher analogy of vaudeville in action—a galaxian-wide gestalt workout where every character gets to showcase his insignia war dance before joining the obligatory chorus-line finale.

Or, as Arnold Pannell, a local Toughman contestant, likes to say, quoting the unforgettable words of his uncle while slapping it all into perspective: "You got to give to get, baby, you got to break ass to get ass." □

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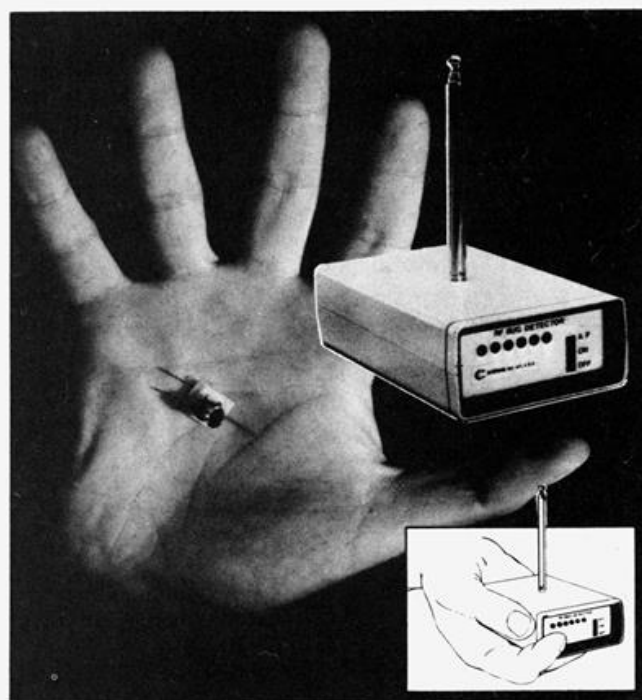
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I hate waiting in stinking, trashed-out motel rooms. It's probably the worst part of being a dealer. You sit around, trying to survive the room-service food, waiting for the phone to ring. And you wait. And you wait...

I open the curtain, the setting Key West sun blazing in at me, searing my motel eyes. Quickly I pull the string, throwing me back into my dark, air-conditioned womb. "General Hospital" is on, and Luke and Laura are presumably about to get it on in a barn somewhere while the sinister Mr. Smith hunts them day and night.

The phone rings!

I snap it up like a madman. "Yeah? Hello?"

"George?"

"Yeah?" At last! I recognize the musical Latino voice over the static on the line.

"George, hang on, man. I'll be there in a few."

There's a click, then the marine line is crackling in my ear.

Barbara, my girl friend, is sitting on the rumpled bed, braiding her Brunette hair, watching me all the while, waiting to see if that phone call means this session of "motel fever" is over.

"Barb, he's coming. Keep quiet and stay out of the way, babe. You know it makes me nervous when you get in my face while I'm testing."

She gives me one of her cold, pissed-off stares.

"You don't have to talk to me like that, George. You make me sound like I'm a fly buzzing around your head!"

"Look, we're both uptight from hanging around this fucking room, but this is the biggest deal I've ever done. I've got half a million bucks in that case, and I've been dealing my ass off for seven years to get it. I've got to concentrate on what I'm doing, and you have to be quiet and just watch TV. We can talk about my manners later."

I pull the curtain again, walk out on the veranda. The sun is setting now, and, as is the tradition in Key West, a crowd has gathered out on the beach and pier to usher out the day. Sea gulls hover against an orange-streaked sky, not begging silently with sad stares like the pelicans, but yelling to be fed: squak, squak, squak.

There's a soft, almost inaudible "rap, rap" at the door, and my heart starts bouncing around like a Ping-Pong ball. Okay, George, you're on!

It's Juan, standing there grinning, a big, packed duffel bag slung over his shoulder. He comes in, panting, rapping a mile a minute.

"God, what a run, man! The Gulf Stream was really heavy-duty. We had to take her down to sixty for a while. Christ, you should

have seen the swells. Sometimes I couldn't see land or nothin', man!"

"Did you see any Coast Guard?" I ask him.

He smiles in the middle of a yawn, wiping back his short black hair. "Yeah, we saw one cutter, way off. I waved. You don't see anything for too long when you're doing eighty."

Barb is giving me the eye from across the room, then she flicks her gaze back to the soaps. It's the "don't bother to acknowledge I exist" look. I've seen it before.

"Uh, sorry. This is Barbara. Barb, I want you to meet..."

Juan gives her a salute, snapping his heels together, but he's wearing sneakers, so the effect is lost. "Yeah, man, Barbara and I are old friends, eh? I met her the last time you were in Lauderdale."

"George has a good memory, but it's short. I spent the whole day with Anita, George, the last time we were in town. Remember? You and Juan went to Miami for 'an hour' and didn't come back till midnight."

I smile sheepishly. "Yeah, well, you know how the business is."

"Well, I'm going to go back to the TV for a while. Unless that's your laundry in that bag, I don't think I'm needed—and I wouldn't want to be in the way!"

I'm thinking what a bitch she's been lately, but Juan just takes it with a smile and starts to open the duffel bag. "Sure, that's what this is. I didn't like the way they did my shirts in Santa Marta, so I brought them to Key West." He turns to me. "You got the bucks?"

I point to my black case. "Right there."

His eyes are taking in the room: the rumpled sheets and piles of towels, the two sets of room-service trays sitting on the dresser, and suddenly he's looking real guilty. "Man, I'm real sorry about the wait, you know? But they kept bringing me such garbage."

I tell him not to worry about it, and start taking my testing equipment out of the diving bag. The melt point is the most reliable on-the-road test, and I set that up first, adjusting the dial for a range of 175 to 190.

Juan pulls the ties open on the bag. "There's thirty ki's in there to choose from, so just take your pick."

Thirty times 50,000, wholesale—my mind is trying to work out the worth of what's lying next to me, but I can't figure out where to put the decimal points, and I figure from the sweat running down my armpits that I don't really want to know anyway.

Just get the ten ki's and get the fuck out of here!

I reach in his grab bag, remove one of the football-shaped objects and make a slit in it so I can dig out a small sample.

"You know, Juan, I've been saving my pennies for a long time

The Milk Farm

BY TONY D. PRESS

George was set to breeze out of Key West with a half a million worth of Peruvian marching powder in his trunk. Then he stopped for a drink at Hemingway's favorite bar and spied this redhead and wound up, slightly detoured, at the Milk Farm.



for this. I hope it's the right stuff."

"Man, listen to me. This coke is so sparkly you have to put sunglasses on just to look at it. I did a fat line of this when I was picking it up, and I almost *ran* all the way here!"

"Barb, get the hip boots. It's getting deep in here."

One hundred and sixty, coming up." We're all watching two toothpick-thin capillary tubes like they're Princess Di giving birth, and so far the half inch of toot in each one is holding steady, that is, solid. The melt point of pure underground coke is somewhere in the mid to high 180s, depending on the degree of adulterants involved, and as the crystals melt, bubble up in the tube and finally turn to a clear amber liquid, we're all cheering.

Home run! One eighty-seven!

But there's a hell of a lot of driving before I'd be walking up the snowy driveway to my Rocky Mountain home, and to Barb and my two loving malamutes. Still, I'll be on the road soon. I always felt better once the load was packed away and I'm on the highway.

"George," says Barbara, after Juan leaves with his duffel bag and all my cake, "you sure you don't want me to go with you?"

It's as though Barbara is reading my mind, because I was just thinking about 40 hours of day-and-night driving, listening to talk shows all night, and struggling to stay awake while the sun is coming up with the farm reports. It's lonely as hell, but Barbara knows my rules.

"Sure I do. But I always drive the load alone! You know that."

We smoke a few Thai buds, and I lean her over the bed, throw her rose-patterned dress up onto her back and give her the hard, slamming fuck that she so badly needs. Like any good man, I'm snoring within minutes of a heavy ejaculation.

The phone rings, scaring the shit out of me.

"Hello?"

"Mr. Harveson?"

"Uh..." I'm trying to remember what name I'm registered under. "Right. What is it?"

"Your cab is here. You *did* order a cab?"

I tell the operator I did, and thank him. A good-sized line is definitely called for now, since I can't even remember who I am. Barb is bubbling and gurgling and scrubbing with lots of clean noises through the crack in the bathroom door.

"Barb, the cab is here to take you to the airport. Give the dogs a kiss for me, will you? Right on the mouth!"

"George, do you know you kiss those damned dogs more than you do me?"

She's right! "It's all in your mind. For Christ's sake, Barb, don't ever tell anyone that! They'll put me in Bellevue, probably in the kennel wing!"

She comes bristling out of the bathroom wearing only her bikini panties, her lovely, freckled melons dancing up and down on her chest.

Before she dresses, Barb stops, taking those delicious tits in her hands, silhouetted against the last orange red glow of the Key West sunset, and whispers, "I'll be thinking of you every minute I'm in that water bed alone."

Leftover dinners and dirty sheets reek through the stale motel-room air. The fish odor is strong, beginning to make me feel nauseous.

There's no doubt about it. Time to leave!

I pack, wipe down the dresser with a wet towel to get rid of any coke residue, and by eight o'clock I'm driving down Duval, listening to Jimmy Buffet sing about Key West.

Key West is like no place else I've ever seen, a little on the French Quarter side, architecturally, with gas lamps glowing and lots of colorful bars and restaurants, most of them gay. Then I see

the big, red neon SLOPPY JOE'S sign, and all the stories I've heard about the old days are coming up in my head, like about how Papa Hemingway used to hang out there and drink, and listen to all the stories the fishermen would tell, then walk the few blocks back to his house (now a museum), and in the morning, often before anyone was awake, write.

I'm more relaxed now, and a drink would hit the spot. I park across the street where I can easily watch the car. It's dark inside, and I stumble against someone as I work toward the bar. There's a band playing not very good reggae, and, spotted in different-colored lights, dressed in purple and yellow sequined bibs, they could easily be from another planet.

This is when I meet her, Rosie, the chick that makes me later decide life might be easier if I got castrated.

It's so dark that I don't see her at first, but the band is taking a break and the lights get turned up a bit, just enough to see this gorgeous dish sitting next to me, sucking provocatively on a straw. She has fire red hair, and long, long legs, the kind that go all the way up to the neck. Below those penetrating blue eyes is a pert nose, a satin halter top that strains to hold back her tits, and, as I work my way down, skimpy little cutoff jeans that let the cheeks of her ass hang out on the bar stool.

I've always been lousy at picking up chicks in bars. I'm all right, though, if they start talking.

So Rosie starts:

"Where're you from?"

Las Vegas, I tell her. Sounds as good as anyplace else. We start doing tequila sunrises, and I feel myself getting too loose. Soon I barely remember that there's a half million dollars in coke sitting in my station wagon, and all I see is those long, long legs. They keep crossing, then parting for a moment, then recrossing.

I'm visualizing spreading them apart. Is she a natural redhead? I've got to know!

Then we're out on Duval, putting her bike in the backseat of my car. Half of me is pissed that I'm risking everything I've worked for, the other half is watching those legs. We drive slowly through the narrow back alleys of Key West, past huge, gnarled banyan and rubber trees, stopping in front of a little pink cottage sitting on concrete blocks.

"It's not much," her soft, husky voice tells me. "And I *mean* it's not much."

I walk up the path behind her, my head twirling a little from the booze, my cock swollen from the sight of her cunt lips pushing against the crotch of her shorts as she's bending over to retrieve the key from under the mat.

Inside, it's bare, or damned close. Two wooden chairs and a Formica table with a lamp on it. The piss-yellow walls are still full of holes and marks from the last tenants and the rug is mostly threadbare. What a dive!

"Here."

She shoves a shoe box into my hands. There's a Baggie of pretty green looking Colombian, and some rolling papers.

"Roll some joints while I make the drinks. All I've got is some scotch. That and some rum."

"Scotch is fine."

I sit down at the Formica table and start cleaning the pot, and it's a project, since it's almost all seeds.

"Nobody can say you have a cluttered house," I shout at the open kitchen door. "Where's all your stuff?"

"At my ex-boyfriend's. I'm bringing it over Monday."

She brings the drinks, and we sit, puffing and drinking, and I'm leg watching. But somewhere in the last sane part of my head a voice is saying, "Get in the fucking car and leave, you asshole! How many years have you worked to get to this point? And now you're blowing it, pal!"

"God, pot makes me horny as hell," she says, wrapping those full, sensuous lips around the joint. "Just before I want to eat out the house. You know?"

The giggles start sputtering out of me uncontrollably. "Do I know? Does Ford make cars? When I'm puffing heavy, and I come, it's... it's like..." My face is turning several shades of red.

"Come on. Don't stop now."

"Well, when I'm smoking pot and I come, it's like in waves, and everything in me seems to shoot out through my cock, leaving me drained." I'm being awfully graphic about it, and with a woman I don't even know, so I switch to safer ground. "What do you do?"

"I'm a hooker."

"Oh, uh, well, I guess you meet a lot of interesting people." It's totally an asinine statement, but she's really caught me off guard. What do you say when someone springs that one on you—"Do you take Mastercharge or Visa?" I gulp down the rest of my drink just as the room begins to move.

"You're shocked, aren't you, George?"

"No, I just—it's not like I'm Robert Redford or anything, but I've never had to hire... to..." Suddenly, the holy yellow walls are spinning around me, faster and faster. I know I'm going to throw up, but from where? I can't figure out where my mouth is anymore.

I try to grab onto something, but the floor comes up at me fast, and as I'm lying there, those long, long legs rise above me, seemingly into the stratosphere, and I hear Rosie saying, "Good night, sweet George. Sleep well."

Somewhere in dreamland Rosie is lying on the soft grass of a Rocky Mountain meadow, those long, slim legs spread wide. And I'm pushing my fire stick into her hairy red mound.

"Come on, George, give me your load. Pump it inside me!"

She cups my balls as I push faster and faster against her wet, slippery cunt. Then something happens, and I open my eyes.

Rosie is sitting on the edge of an old metal bed. It squeaks and rocks as I arch my hips up in the air, where Rosie is pumping my cock furiously with her left hand. When I try to move I'm shocked to find my wrists and ankles shackled to the bed, a piece of tape covering my mouth.

I try yelling, but she just laughs at my dismal attempt.

"Come on, George, give me your load. I need it! Come on, give Rosie every drop of your juice."

She pumps faster on my crimson cock, unfastening her blouse with the other hand. She's got no bra on, and as she yanks open her blouse, those lovely, pert-nosed titties flop out. Then she reaches down and really starts driving me wild by stroking my balls in time with her pumping.

"Look at how it's throbbing, Georgie. It has to spit that hot milk out, baby. C'mon, give it to Rosie."

Hot cum juice shoots violently up into the air, a few drops hitting Rosie in the face. She keeps pumping, and it keeps spurting. Finally I'm lying there, exhausted, confused and goddamned scared.

"Welcome to the milk farm, George."

Rosie is scooping up my cum into a rubber, with, of all things, a spatula. "I'll bet you're just dying to ask me a few questions, huh?"

I nod violently, straining against the shackles, but they're more than ample—I'm one of those guys who needs a can opener for the twist-offs.

"Listen, George," she says, her voice quick now, not soft and husky like before, "I've got to run real fast, but I'll be back in an hour—maybe two. So just make yourself at home, huh?"

Somehow the humor is lost on me. She fastens her blouse, struts those long, bare legs toward the door, and stops, turning once before she goes.

"Oh, by the way, you're going to be a father. Congratulations!"

I am alone, horribly, helplessly alone. My T-shirt is pulled up past my waist, my shorts are around my ankles. If that isn't enough, the top of my head is ready to explode from the pain of whatever it was Rosie drugged me with last night. I test the ropes again, but it's no use.

The sun is peeping through a crack in the venetian blinds, and

wind chimes tinkle close by. It seems like a nice day out—if only I could get there.

The coke!

It hits my mind with a blast, and immediately I'm getting visions of Rosie riding off with my ten ki's in the station wagon. Maybe she'll find it and decide it's better to kill me first. I won't be able to put up much of a struggle. Maybe she already knew about the stuff when we met! How hot is it outside? Will the inside of the car get too hot and melt my half million dollars' worth of blow into a gooey mess?

I struggle like crazy against the chains until the whole bed is groaning. What is this all about? After a while, angry at myself and at those legs, I drift off into an uneasy sleep.

What time is it? There's no way of knowing, but I guess it's early evening. One harsh, unshielded light bulb burns from the center of the half-peeled ceiling.

Footsteps.

Rosie comes clicking through the door in high heels, faded jeans and a thin, white blouse that makes a joke of hiding those swollen tits of hers. She struts over to me, seemingly in a bubbly mood, holding a McDonalds bag in her hand. Those shimmering blue eyes are laughing at me, blue eyes set against white skin, silhouetted by long, red hair that stops just where her nipples are visible through the Indian cloth.

She still looks sexy as hell and I'm beginning to hate her for it!

"Hi, man. What're ya doin'? Guess you're trying like hell to figure it out, huh? Listen, I brought you some food, but you've got to promise not to yell or anything, okay? Because then I'll get pissed and do something. You don't want to have to apply for a job as a eunuch, do you?"

She reaches over and carelessly yanks the bandage tape off my mouth.

"All right," I say through gritted teeth. "What the hell is going on?"

"Relax, Georgie boy, and—"

"Don't call me that! I didn't like it when my mother called me Georgie, and I like it less from a cunt like you."

"Now, just calm down, and I'll explain everything." She starts unwrapping a Big Mac. "I got tired of hustling, you know? Here, open your mouth. Hope you like hamburgers. Every good American likes hamburgers."

I gulp down the burger thankfully, and ask her to prop my head up so I can swallow.

"Anyways, I got some friends who work for a gynecologist in South Florida, see? And this guy meets a lot of wealthy women who are dying to have kids but can't. A lot of times it's just because their husbands aren't fertile, and they don't want to adopt, either. That's where you come in, see? They know I see a lot of cum, and as long as I tell them the guy's got kids, and they look fine in the pictures, I get a thousand bucks for each woman."

"A thousand—" I almost choke on the french fries, "for jerkin' somebody off?"

"Well, I don't look at it like that. I've gotta kidnap the guy, keep him on ice while I'm jerkin' him off, and make sure I'm ready when the woman is. I earn it, man."

There are a lot of other questions I want to ask, like about the car; about what she's going to do with me in the end; and what's to stop me from going to the police or the FBI or something. I don't think I want to know, so I just ask how long she's going to keep me.

"Oh, about four more days. We've got some anxious women lined up, Georgie boy. Those balls of yours are going to be working overtime."

"Listen, bitch, don't call me that!"

"I forgot."

I scarf down the last of the french fries from her hand. I could bite the hand that feeds me, but then I remember her words, and

continued on page 83





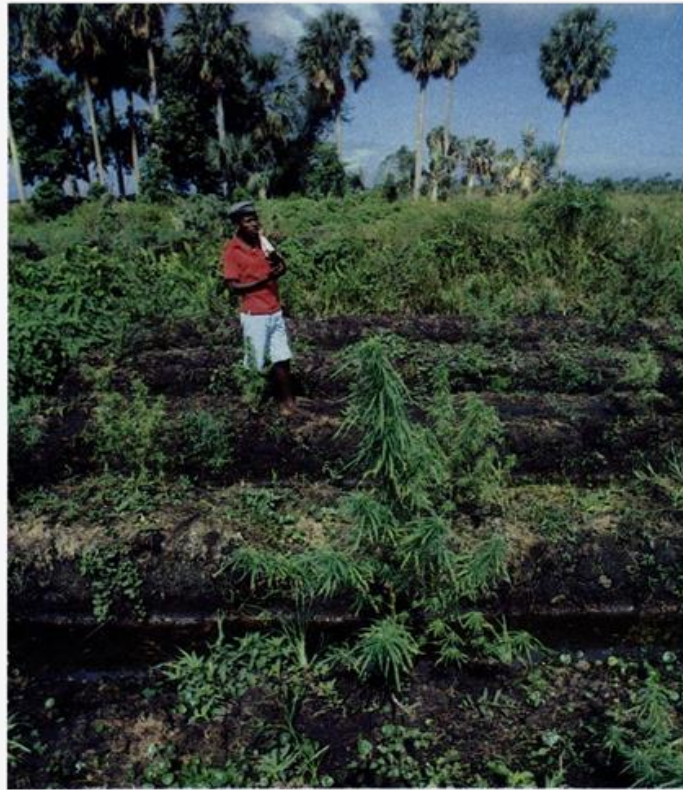
The White Man's Burden

It's easy to blame everything on the imperialist white man and his running-dog lackeys. It was the white man who carried all these people here against their will and horsewhipped them into growing the sugarcane in the first place, sure. And it was the white man who shut down the cane plantations entirely a few years back, when it became more economical for him to grow his sugar elsewhere. And it's the imperialist white man and his running-dog lackeys who make *damn* sure these people don't do anything now with this land that might cut into the white man's profits in any legal agricultural commodity at all. Yes, the white man is a sitting duck for charges like this.





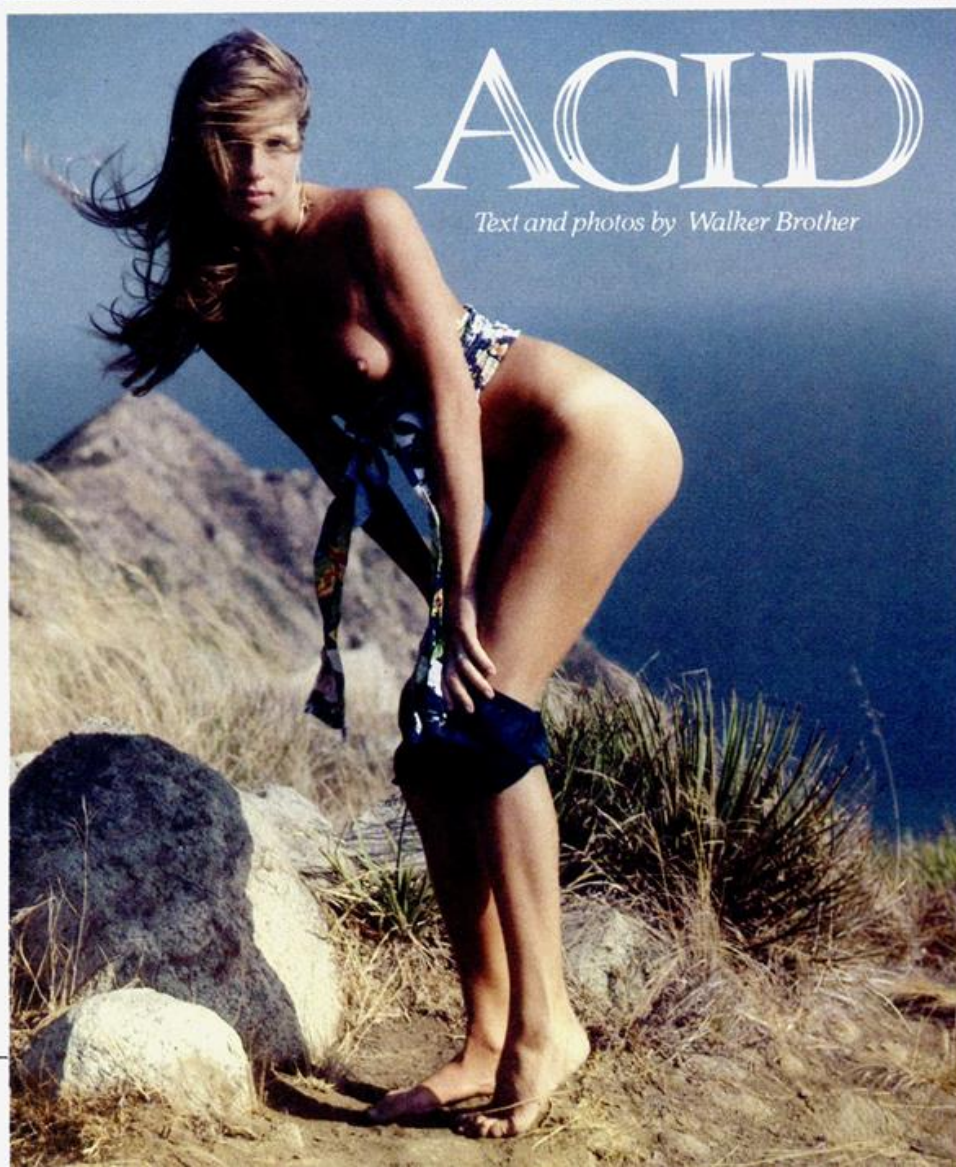
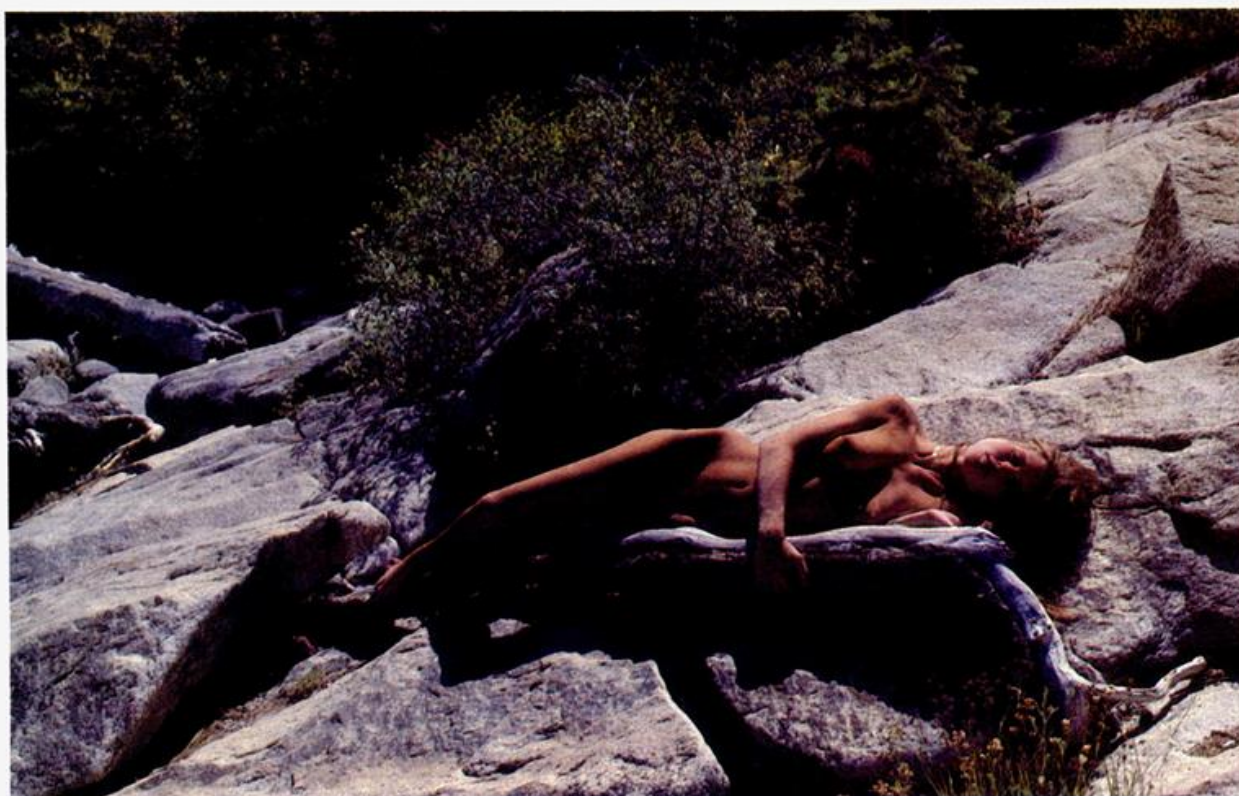




But now look at the *positive* side of it.
 Who is so crazy about the ganja
 that he'll pay the equivalent of a Shacktown six-month rent
 for an *ounce* of it? The white man, of course.
 Who devised and made known the simplest ways
 to insure massive seasonal acreage of virtually all-female
 ganja with THC levels consistently approaching 10 percent?
 The white man, again. And who is so uptight
 about liking the ganja so dearly that he not only
 won't grow it himself, but keeps it so fiercely illegal
 that every *bush* of it is worth a *ton* of refined cane?
 Again, the white man.

See? Nobody's *totally* evil.





ACID

Text and photos by Walker Brother

on the

HER EYES WERE BLUE. I'd picked her up hitching, about ten hours before, a mile north of Malibu.

"Where you headed?"

"Oh, I don't know ... thought I'd make it up to the mountains for some rest and relaxation."

"What a coincidence. Jump in."

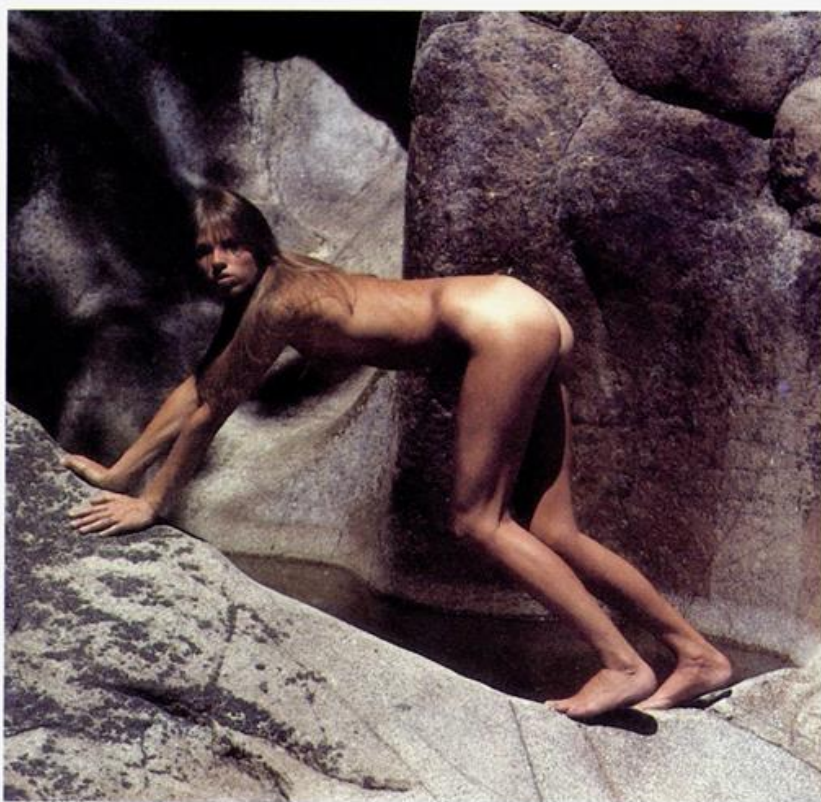
Her name was Bambi.

"Bambi, that's your name—Bambi?"

"You bet," she winked, "and I circle-dot the i."

I gripped the steering wheel tighter and did my best to keep my eyes off the angelic creature sitting next to me with the halter top and long, suntanned legs, whose name alone gave me a bull-elephant erection.

"Y'know, Pip" (that's my name—my old man was a Dickens freak—he named my kid brother Little Nell). "Y'know, Pip," she said, "the only way to satisfy the need for



rocks

The lascivious tale of a guy named Pip, a girl named Bambi and the cosmos that came between them.

love is to knead the love that satisfies." At this, my face began to sweat and I think I heard myself moan. Bambi then opened her knapsack and pulled out some tinfoil. Inside were two little white tablets about a tenth the size of an aspirin. "Open your hangar and stick out your tongue," she ordered. "What is it?" I asked apprehensively. "Vitamin L—it'll taste like a little piece of paper as it dissolves in your mouth." Minutes later the asphalt in front of me was rippling in tsunami motion.

We stopped the VW bus in Lake Tahoe, got out and walked up into the mountains.

Bambi started to speak: "We've come here to our refuge where the clouds and the forest carpet the mountains. Here we will rediscover our origins. Like every rock and tree in the forest, we will reach out and touch our common soul and those of nature." Her profundity was the willing door of my perception, beckoning me to explore the threshold of my mind. But my donger was as hard as Chinese algebra, and as we walked it kept bumping painfully against my left kneecap.

About a half mile up along a barren riverbed, we saw how the melting winter snows of over a millennium have carved

and sculpted the rocks into smooth and lambent forms. Usually, the canyon waterfalls are a-thundering, but not this year. The rock skin looks dry. Almost naked without its aquatic blanket.

A waterfall had once roared where a lonely cave and emerald pool now lay silent. Feeling slightly stoned but still functioning, I asked Bambi to strip for the camera—for posterity. Christ, for eternity, who cares—whichever comes first.

She shed the layers of inhibitions off without a word and slid into the pool. Meanwhile, I was trying to negotiate an in-subordinate f-stop. Too much energy for my sensory circuits to decode. Because of my rearranged state of mind, the image would sway back and forth, making focusing pure guesswork. Bambi was flowing to and fro, oh so smoothly, like a wave out of the pool and into the cave rocks. I made the attempt to follow, but I couldn't connect my feet with what was underneath. With each step, the ground moved upward and then fell away abruptly. I was in one of those crazy dreams where you're trying to catch up with somebody. In slow motion, I watched my foot slide off a small boulder. It landed in the pool shortly after my ass did.

Bambi came over with a smirk on her face. She grabbed the camera. Then me. By a fortuitous act of the unknown that can only happen when you're flying on 2500 mikes of LSD, the camera didn't get a drop on it.

We looked into each other's blue eye-pools; thought-revolutions were zooming like shooting stars. The LSD was a truth serum, dissolving what was left of any material distractions. It was etching its presence into our spines. Forcing open our minds and pants.

Images were pouring out from the broken dam in my skull; a flash flood roared through my thought streambed. We would now try to decipher the meaning of our origins, the petroglyphs within our souls.

We had been members of an intergalactic society from the planet Era, in the star cluster of the Pleiades. About 115,000 years ago, we came to earth to observe its evolution. These regions were inhabited by bipeds—hominids. Cute little things with lots of hair and a gnarly case of B.O.

Bambi was staring at my hands. No hair on my palms, I thought. "We're old souls," she said, "soulmates. The lines on our palms are the maps of our souls. Twin flames who



*The LSD was a truth serum,
forcing open our minds and pants.*

have finally found each other. Karma and providence have brought us together in this age of nonintegration.

"Before our souls evolved and formed intelligence, we were atoms—blown into the solar wind, but gravitating to one another naturally. Bound as we have been forever, so will it be in the future; inextricably linked as sexual and spiritual polarities with the same soul. Explicitly different, implicitly the same."

I looked at her: "Bambi, uh...how would you like to..."

I wanted to say "fuck in the dirt," but I couldn't, and somehow the words "pose for the camera again?" came out.

In an instant she was up and moving her tender body against an outcrop of rock, pressing her pelvis into the warm granite. She began caressing the rock bulges, smearing her sex against the lips of the crevices.

Alongside an exposed tree root, Bambi bent over and twisted herself into the shape of a windswept branch. I followed her with telephoto eyes. She paused, tonguing a violet Indian paintbrush, then began flirting with a bumble bee, dancing with it from flower to flower. Bambi leaped from boulder to boulder across the sun-baked floor, winding her way back to the pool. On her knees, she began lapping up the crisp water. Afterward, she sprang into the refuge of a bristlecone pine. "This is one of the

oldest living things on earth," she stated. "Reports of bristlecones reaching five-thousand years of age are not unusual."

From her new perspective, she surveyed her domain. I followed her eyes to a nearby rock formation. Our minds focused simultaneously on the swirling reds, oranges and browns flowing into each other. Suddenly she screamed, "Pip, I'm peaking. Come hold me." Although eager to comply, I couldn't move fast enough to accept the offer—for I too was peaking.

In the searing rush, my sensations were intensified: My eyes began to water; I was convinced the camera was melting; lens and body drooped into warm saltwater taffy, like a Dali painting. I was in a state of rapid devolution. Unable to move, I held on to the camera and clicked away.

When the film was exhausted, there was an air of relief; it was now time to shift the focus. It was now time to fuck in the dirt.

Suddenly, the Earth spoke:

Young ones, open your pores
Breathe again through skin
Feel yourselves as a celebration
Of the sun and stars that brought you
here.
You see, I'm old
My skin has turned hard
But you who look here have found
the birthplace of your souls

From the cracks in my body you have
come into this world
and found love.

Go now and share these mysteries you
have gathered
My spirit is strong
It shall never leave your side.

"Bambi," I cried out, "did you hear that?"

She was tuned into another frequency: "I'm old. I'm getting old and I can't stop it," she cried. I stared at her in disbelief. The smile lines on her face were turning into grooves. She looked 80. Hunched over a slab of granite, it was hard to tell rock skin from woman.

Bambi reached out to me. "Do you think you could love me, in this distorted shell of a body?" she asked.

"You've been going through some changes since we first met, Bambi. And regardless of your outer form, it is your inner core, your heart and soul that, uh...I love." Was this the real me talking? For a second I started to get paranoid, because, well, she was really getting to me. My mouth started talking again: "Like the love of Nefertiti preserved in the imagination forever, we shall endure." She looked up at me with pleading eyes. I hugged her closer. "As long as you find reasons to laugh, I will have reason to look forward to the future, regardless of what it brings." Great shades of

Kahlil Gibran! From what sentimental cess-pool was I dredging this stuff up?

Time passed. I have no idea how long I was cradling her in my lap, hands stroking her hair. I never before realized I was capable of such compassion. I was studying her face and she was getting younger. She looked up at me and spoke:

"Pip, I love you."

I was engulfed by her aura of calm and simplicity. Our hearts and souls had fused, and now our bodies merged as one. Surges of energy shot up and down the spines of these writhing creatures that we had become; a major rewiring of the nervous system was underway. In spasmodic lurches we came to the door beyond which our bodies did not yet exist. We began to cross that threshold together. Stars appeared and began to twinkle as we began to rotate—viewing the source of illumination around us. The light was our beacon, beckoning us to return by it. High above in the solar wind, the point of our merging was fixed in time and space.

Suddenly I felt a chill, and then I saw Mr. Temple, my sophomore biology teacher standing in the classroom, lecturing to the students. "I don't care what the organism or structure is," he said. "The primary function of any individual is survival."

I blinked. Her eyes; now her face; cool air caught her hair. We were in the forest. It was morning. A congestion had formed in my lungs. I rolled over, coughed and squinted at the sun. It was tipping the tops of the ridges.

How strange it feels to be human once again. She lay silent as I touched her limp wrist and hands. In my insecurity, I didn't know whether the words we had spoken during the night still rang with transcendent meaning. She reassured me quickly.

"Let's go for an early-morning dip." I nodded. We needed to take only a few steps to the edge of the emerald basin, hold each other tightly and jump in, to get jolted by this frigid baptism. We were now clearly out of our altered state and back in California.

The acid had done its duty. Bambi lifted herself from the water and said, "It seems so strange to be human once again, and to shiver." We hadn't a stitch of clothing on all night, yet we were both warm. The night's mental distractions had apparently assumed their own survival importance. After surveying the area we had been tripping through, we burst out laughing. Clothes and towels were strewn about like Mexican laundry day. The camera hung from a spruce bough; suntan oil and bits of clothing were scattered about, leading a trail to the water.

It didn't take long to load up our gear, pack up the refuse and abandon our playground for the safety and security of the VW.

Two naked souls, a bit scratched, though not too bad, with minds a little fried but with no lasting disabilities, although a slight subliminal change. We return to the bus, to reenter society. □

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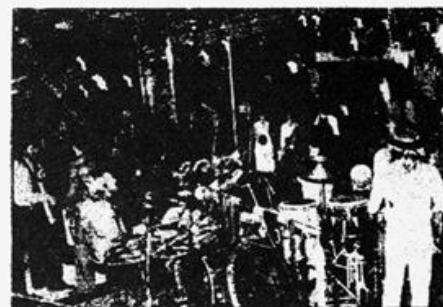


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Living and Planting in Mendocino County

by b.w.CUTTER

S I N S E M I L L A S T O R I E S

Not by a long shot. But most of the growers in the area thought they knew, or at least suspected, who the other growers were, if not exactly what they were growing, or how much, or where. There was a kind of coded language they all spoke to each other, a language of allusions and vagueness. But nobody figured that Al and Jane might be growing. They were as straight as they come. Al was a florid-faced, 60-year-old realtor, and Jane was a 4-H leader who raised horses. Everybody liked them. Al was the only broker in town who didn't hustle real estate. If a nice piece of property came along, he'd show it, but not very aggressively. Most of the time he stood on the sidewalk outside his office, sunning himself, chewing on a toothpick and waving to the cars and people as they passed by. Al and Jane weren't exactly old-timers—your family had to have been in the valley for three generations to qualify you for that designation—but they weren't "new people" (anybody who had come in after the '50s logging boom) either.

"What in the world was he planning to do with it after he harvested it?" asked Paula. "Five hundred and seventy-five is a lot of plants." Maybe he had contacts, Annie ventured. Maybe they had been growing it for years.

"Right next to the airport? They must have been crazy. They said you could see the plants on the approach to the landing strip. That's how they got caught. A quarter acre right out in the open." She shook her head.

"Did they admit anything?"

"Al wasn't even home when they showed up. Somebody said he's in Los Angeles."

"Probably trying to deal the dope," said Annie. "I bet he doesn't come back. How could they ever face the old-timers after this? The old coots must be in a state of shock."

But Whitey Rogers, the retired police chief whose family homesteaded the area over a century ago, and who was president of the local chamber of commerce, only smiled and shrugged when Paula saw him the next morning. "You know, old Al was in line to make a lot of money if he'd pulled it off," said Whitey. "But he shouldn't have planted it where he did, close in to town like that. He should have planted it in those five-gallon buckets and moved them around. That way they can't spot them from the air. 'Course you can't grow very many, but harvesting ten or fifteen plants is better than losing five hundred and seventy-five." Paula nodded, smiled and hurried on her way, wondering how many plants Whitey had growing over at his place.

Mrs. Barker, the postmistress, admitted that she was somewhat taken aback by the raid. "Al and Jane just don't seem the type, do they," she said when Paula came in to pick up her mail.

"The only one who would surprise me more if they got caught growing it would be you, Mrs. Barker," said Paula, laughing. Mrs. Barker got a strange look on her face and abruptly turned away to busy herself with a stack of letters.

"Goddamn," said Paula, when she met Annie in the market later that day, "the old coots are growing it too. I bet they're deeper into it than any of us. Nobody seems really surprised by Al and Jane. They're only embarrassed that they got caught."

"They've probably got better connections than we do," said Annie.

When Al returned from Los Angeles later that week—his brother had been sick—he took up his old stand on the sidewalk. "I don't know anything about it," he'd say, good-naturedly, to those who brought up the subject. "I wasn't even around when they came by."

Two weeks later Al had a massive stroke. The rescue squad got him to the hospital in time, and they say there is no permanent damage. Nobody blames it on the bust. "It could happen to anybody," said Whitey Rogers, scanning the sky.

TWO

MOONDOG IS THE LAST SURVIVING HIPPIE in these parts. He came here when there were hundreds camped down by the river a decade ago, but the rest of them have gone elsewhere or cleaned up their acts. Only Moondog, filthy as ever and wearing the same feathered cap, torn opera cape and patched Levi's, hasn't changed. "I am the original freak," he'd say. Only a few knew—and wouldn't hurt his feelings by telling—that Moondog was really Roger Winston III, who'd attended a New England prep school and had been president of his freshman class at Dartmouth. Moondog was well liked. He brought Mexican beer and good dope to the Friday night potlucks, and played a reasonably good guitar.

So everybody felt bad when they heard that 12 pounds of his dope had been ripped off. "All cleaned and packaged, too," said Tall Bob, his neighbor, who had heard about it first. Moondog had stored it in the old travel trailer that had been left on his place, and somebody had broken the window and taken it all.

"I asked him how come he had been so

ONE

"NOT AL McCANN," SAID ANNIE. "FIVE hundred and seventy-five plants. I can't believe it!"

Paula, who works in town, had stopped by on her way home with the news that the narcs had hit Al and Jane's place that morning. "The plants weren't on his property," she said, "but the waterline ran right up to their well. And then Jane wouldn't let them inside the house, so they went back to Ukiah and got another warrant and found a roomful of male plants she was drying."

"She should have burned the house down," said Annie. "Males, for God's sake."

It wasn't the biggest bust of the season.

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stupid," said Tall Bob. "He said he treated everybody nice, and figured everybody would treat him the same. Typical hippie shit." Tall Bob sleeps in his patch with a 12-gauge shotgun at his side from August till harvest time. "It makes you kind of paranoid, though," he said.

After Moondog had been going around looking sad for a few weeks, and after he stopped coming to the potlucks—he couldn't afford to buy beer anymore, somebody said—Tall Bob suggested that his friends throw a benefit for him. Nothing fancy, just an ounce of buds from each of us and Moondog would have enough to smoke and sell to get him through the winter.

But when Tall Bob mentioned the idea to him, Moondog rather sheepishly admitted that he had managed to hold on to four pounds that he'd stashed under his bed. Even though Moondog thanked him for the thought—"Far out" is what he said—Tall Bob was annoyed. "Do you realize that means he grew sixteen goddamn pounds this year?" Tall Bob grew only three pounds of skunk weed. "That's a helluva lot of dope. I thought hippies weren't supposed to be greedy."

THREE

WHEN THE TREE TRIMMERS CAME OUT BY Donner Road last fall, Paul stopped and talked to them while they topped the row of Scotch pines under the power line down near the Williams place. No need to do the trees up at his place, he told them; he'd take care of them himself. No way, said the foreman. The job was a subcontract and if they didn't do the entire road, PG&E wouldn't pay up.

"Maybe they won't notice them," said Lisa that night when Paul told her. "It's too early to pull them anyway."

"Let's hope they mature before they get up here," said Paul.

Every day on his way to work, Paul watched them cut their way up the ridge. On Thursday they were a quarter of a mile down the road; Paul figured he'd have to pull the plants over the weekend. But they moved fast the next day, and when he came home that night the brush under the line leading to his house had been cleared. He ran down to his patch. Attached to the top of his best plant was a note written on a piece of brown paper bag. "We're not narcs or thieves," it said, "but we sure could use some free weed."

The crew was working out on Black Mountain when Paul met up with them a couple of months later. They all went back into the woods a ways to share a couple of joints. Everybody agreed that it had been worth waiting for the lid of buds Paul had given them.

Paul plans to move his garden in the spring. He says he doesn't want his trees topped every year. ☐



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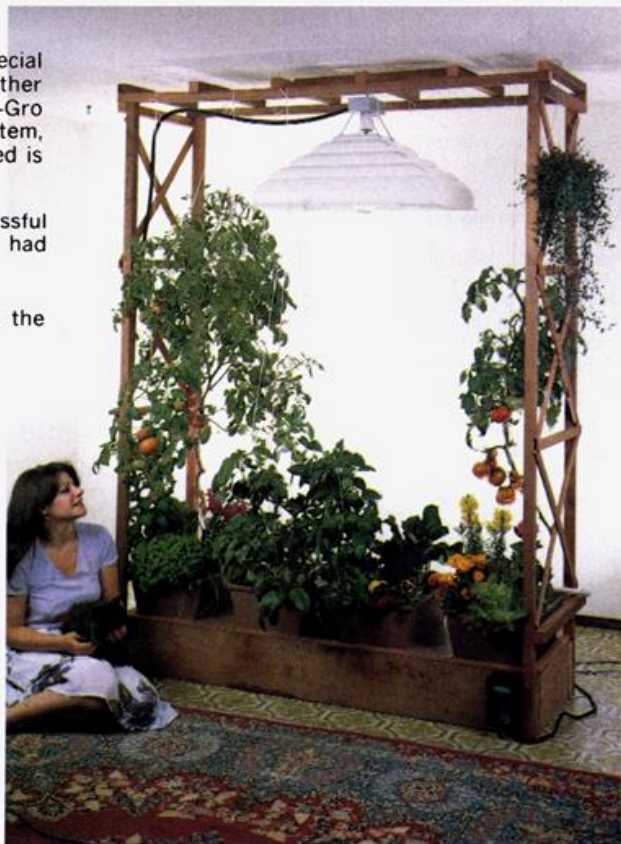
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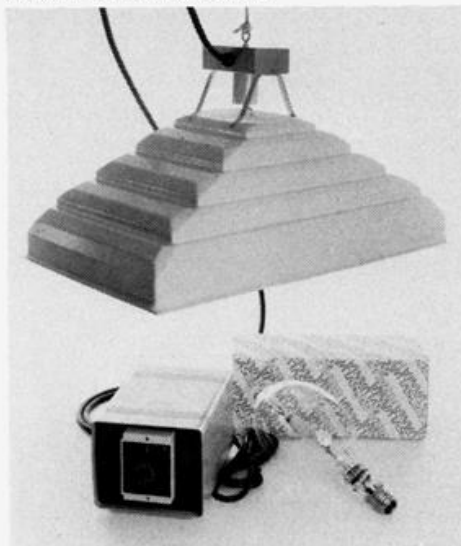
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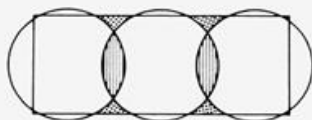
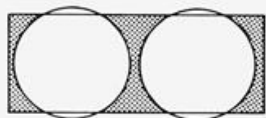
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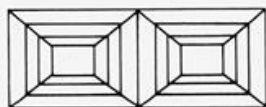
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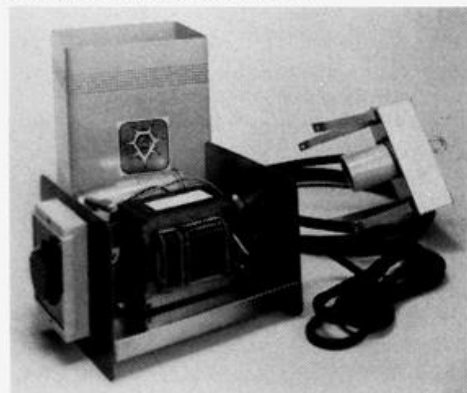
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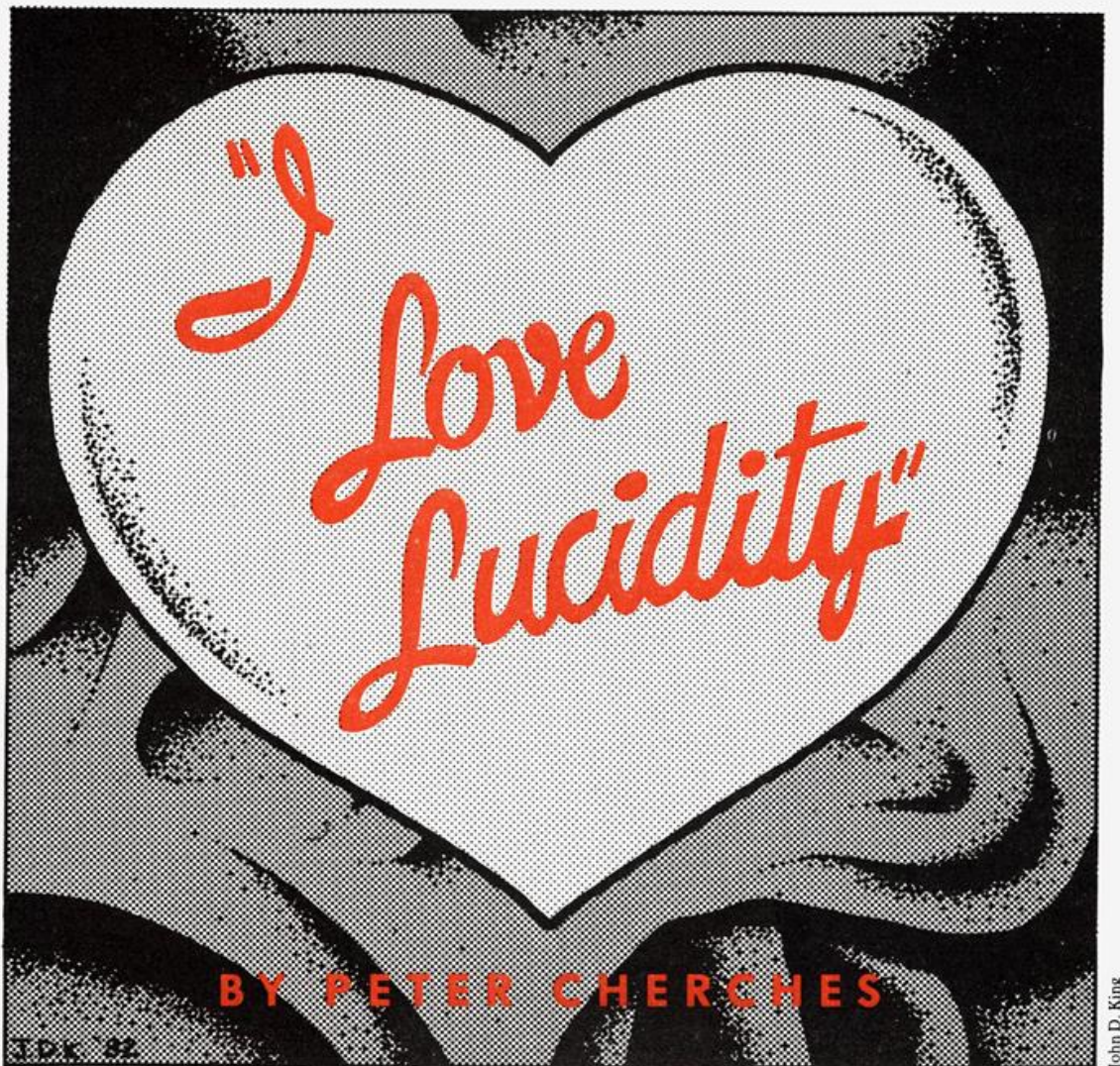
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"Lucidity, I'm home."

These are familiar words, "Lucidity, I'm home." We have all heard these words many times before. Tonight will be no different. "Lucidity, I'm home." And Rickety is home.

These are familiar people, Lucidity and Rickety. We have all seen these people many times before. Tonight will be no different. "Lucidity, I'm home." And Lucidity and Rickety are together again.

"Together again"—these are familiar words.



Lucidity and Rickety are together again. Not that they've ever been apart. They remain happily married, even if some of us do not. No, Lucidity and Rickety have not been apart; just separated for a bit.

And what has Lucidity done today? Taken the baby for a stroll, bought an overpriced but oh-so-chic hat, seen the changing of the guard, stomped grapes at an Italian winery and traded juicy tales with Mrs. Trumbull and the milkman.

And Rickety? Rehearsing, of course. He's been down at the club, the Chiquita Cabana, rehearsing his band, the Rickety Batista Orchestra, a group of 17 Cuban industrialists who fled their homeland upon the ascension of Castro and learned valuable skills, like the trumpet, the saxophone, *los timbales*.

"How were things at the club?" Lucidity asks.





"NO, I ALWAYS WONDERED WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE TO BE A FOOT SHORTER."

"Terrible," says Rickety. "Remember that dancer I just hire—Carlotta?"

"Yeah."

"Well, she died when we were doin' the big production number and now I'm left without a dancer and I dun't know what to do."

And that great big light bulb atop Lucidity's head begins to glow.

"I know what you're thinkin' and you can forget it," says Rickety.

"But Rickety, I've been at the rehearsals and I know all the steps," says Lucidity.

And Rickety takes an ax and chops off her left foot.

"I dun't think it would be wise for you to dance in your condition," he says.

"I'll get even with that Cuban crumb," Lucidity thinks as she applies a tourniquet to her gushing stump.

What's going on in that redhead's head? What kind of harebrained scheme is she cooking up? Lucidity, as we all know, is a great schemer. She has made an art of revenge. But Lucidity's past triumphs were all chicken feed, small potatoes, compared to what she's got up her sleeve this time.

Lucidity hops upstairs to visit her best friend, the perennially dumpy Lethe Merde. "Lucidity, what happened to you?" asks Lethe.

"Oh, Rickety didn't want me to dance in his show, so he cut my foot off."

"Couldn't he just kick you in the groin, like he usually does?"

"I guess he didn't want to take any chances."

"Well, it sure looks like he got his way this time," Lethe says.

"Don't count on it," says Lucidity.

"Now Lucidity, what's going on in that scheming red head of yours?"

And Lucidity whispers something in Lethe's ear that you and I cannot hear.

"Hey, Rickety," says Ferde Merde, husband

of Lethe and the building's landlord. "That was a pretty rotten trick you played on Lucidity."

"She had it comin' to her," says Rickety.

"I guess you're right."

"Lucidity, what's for dinner?"

"Your favorite: *arroz con pollo* and *frijoles negros*."

Wait a minute—could this be what Lucidity had in mind? Does she intend to poison his food? Perhaps a little arsenic in the *arroz con pollo*? Strychnine in the beans? Watch out, Rickety, that redhead is out to get you.

But no, that's not it—Rickety eats and nothing happens. "This is delicious," Rickety says.

And as Rickety enjoys his dinner, Lucidity has phantom pains where her left foot used to be.

Lucidity and Rickety are in bed. In *beds*—they have twin beds. They do not sleep together. This is not to say they do not fuck, I am by no means implying that they do not fuck. They just don't sleep together. They fuck often enough. Always in Lucidity's bed. Rickety refuses to fuck in his own bed. Sometimes they fuck in other places besides Lucidity's bed, but never in Rickety's bed. At this very moment Rickety wants to fuck Lucidity and she knows it.

"Not tonight," she says.

"Why not?" he asks.

"Because I have a pain in my leg," she says.

So they go to sleep. Or at least they try to go to sleep. But how the hell can they sleep when the baby is making so much noise?

Lucidity hobbles into the baby's room to see what's the matter. She picks up the baby and it stops crying. Ooohh, aaahh, what a cute baby!

The baby's name is Little Rickety-Lu and it is a hermaphrodite: It possesses the genitalia of both sexes. When Little Rickety-Lu was born, Rickety wanted to kill it. He

couldn't live with the idea of having sired such a freak. He was all prepared to smother it, or drown it, or batter it to death. But a mother's love knows no deformity, and Lucidity protected the baby from the wrath of Rickety. Eventually, Rickety grew to accept and even love the child. He began to see Little Rickety-Lu as the son he had always wanted. He started planning an itinerary for the child's upbringing: We'll play catch together, go to ball games; I'll take him huntin' and fishin', teach him how to play the congas and sing "Babalu," and when he's old enough I'll tell him all about the birds and the bees, and then he can go out and pick up lotsa pussy and make his papa real proud.

But Lucidity has other ideas. "Honey," she says to the baby, "when you grow up you're gonna learn that you can't live with men and you can't live without 'em."

"Lucidity, what's for breakfast?"

"Your favorite: *huevos rancheros*."

Lucidity serves up the eggs. Rickety takes a taste. "*Delicioso*," he says.

"I don't know why I cook for you after what you did to me," Lucidity says.

"Dun't tell me you're still sore because I cut your foot off," Rickety says.

"No," she says sarcastically, "I always wondered what it would be like to be a foot shorter."

"Listen," he says, "I just wanted to teach you a lesson."

And Lucidity thinks, that's nothing compared to the lesson I'm going to teach him.

"What have you got planned for today?" he asks.

"Oh, I don't know, a little shopping, maybe pay a visit to Carolyn Applebee."

"Okay," he says, "just make sure you stay away from the club."

"Lethe, can you stay with the baby? I have to go out."

"Sure, Lucidity, where are you going?"

"Down to the club to watch Rickety rehearse."

STRYCHNINE IN THE BEANS? WATCH OUT, RICKETY, THAT REDHEAD IS OUT TO GET YOU.



"Didn't he tell you that if he ever caught you down at the club again he was going to cut your other foot off?"

"Don't worry, he's not going to know I'm there."



"Okay, boys, let's take it from the top once more."

And the band plays "Babalu," Rickety's bullet, for the zillionth time.

While they're playing, an old washerwoman with one foot comes in and takes a seat at one of the tables.

"Okay, that was pretty good. Let's try the dance number now."

The washerwoman is paying very close attention.

"Maria, are you ready?" Rickety asks.

"Yes, Mr. Batista," comes a voice from backstage.

Rickety gives the downbeat and the band begins to play the chart for the big production number, the Machete Dance. Maria, the dead dancer's replacement, dances out, wielding the machete. She starts slowly, gracefully, lightly waving the machete through the air. As the music rises in intensity, her dance becomes more urgent; she is quicker, executing fantastic leaps, swinging the machete with great determination. The music builds to a crescendo and the dancer reaches fever pitch, wildly flailing the machete. As the music comes to a close, she swings her arm upward, holding the machete like a banner. Then she bows.

"Maria, you were wonderful," says Rickety. "You may make us all forget Carlotta after all."

"Thank you, Mr. Batista," she says.

"Okay, boys, take five."

There is a devilish glint in the washerwoman's eyes.



"Lucidity, what's for dinner?"

"Your favorite: *carne guisado* and *plátanos fritos*."

Lucidity puts the chow on the table and they dig in. "How did things go at rehearsal?" she asks.

"Pretty good," he says. "That new dancer is yust marvelous."

"That's good," she mumbles with a chunk of beef in her mouth.

"How was your day?" Rickety asks.

"Nothing special," she says. "I got together with Lethe for some girl talk."

"Well, at least you stayed out of mischief. You're always getting into such mischief."

"Yeah, I guess it's harder to get into mischief with one foot."

"Now, Lucidity, I dunt want to hear about that foot no more. I did what I had to do and I dunt regret it." He finishes his stew and sops up the remaining sauce with a piece of bread. "Well, I hate to eat and run, but I've got to get down to the club. Tonight's the big night, you know."

"I know," she says.

On his way out, Rickety asks, "What have you got planned for tonight?"

"I think I'll rinse my hair. My roots are starting to show."

"Good girl."

Rickety leaves, and Lucidity smiles a smile that means trouble.



The Chiquita Cabana is packed. The upper strata of society are here to see their darling, the mucho macho Rickety Batista.

The houselights dim and the musicians take their places. Then Rickety comes out, greeted by resounding applause. "Ladies and gentlemen," he says, "I'd like to welcome you to the Chiquita Cabana. We've got a wonderful show planned for tonight, and I'd like to begin with a number I'm sure you're all familiar with." The band starts playing and Rickety sings "Babalu."



The dancer is in her dressing room, getting ready for the big number. The door opens and in hops Lucidity. "Can I help you?" the dancer asks.

"Maybe you can," Lucidity says. "Are you the new dancer?"

"Yes, but who are you, if you don't mind my asking."

"No, I don't mind. I'm Lucidity, Rickety's

wife."

"Oh," the dancer says, "I'm pleased to meet you. Your husband is such a nice man to work for."

"Just be glad you don't have to live with him," says Lucidity.

"Oh, you're just joking."

"Sure, I'm a great kiddier. And what's your name, honey?"

"Maria."

"Maria—that's a nice name."

"Thank you."

"Yeah, I'll bet Rickety thinks it's a nice name too."

"Gee, I don't know."

"I'll bet he likes other things about you too."

"Huh?"

"I'll bet he's got some ideas about what he'd like to do with you."

"What do you mean?"

"Rickety goes for pretty young girls like you. You wouldn't be the first."

"Oh, no, Mrs. Batista, you've got it all wrong. It's nothing like that."

"If you know what's good for you, you'll be careful. I'll bet nobody around here talks about what happened to the last dancer—about how she died, I mean."

"You don't mean—"

There is a glazed look in Lucidity's eyes. "I'm doing this for your own good, honey," she says, then grabs the dancer by the neck, pulls a chloroform-soaked handkerchief out of her purse and shoves it in Maria's face. Within seconds the dancer is out cold.

Lucidity calls for Diego, the greasy little band boy. "Jes Mrs. Batista," he says, "eez there somesing I can do for jou?"

"Yes, Diego, would you keep an eye on this pretty little girl for me and make sure she doesn't go anywhere?"

"Chure Mrs. Batista, eet would give me much pleasure to do thees favor for jou."

"Thanks, Diego," she says and slips him a C-note.

"*Muchas gracias!*" he says.

After Lucidity leaves, Diego does many nasty things to the lithe and supple body of the unprotesting dancer.



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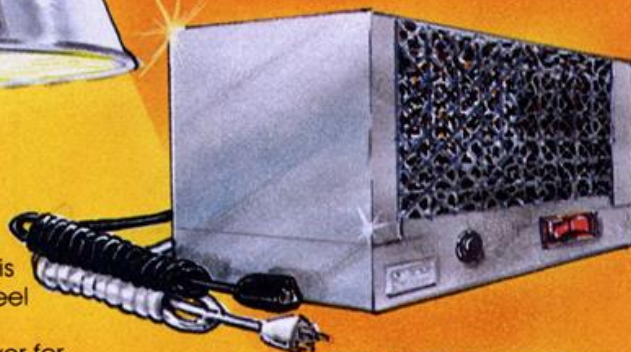
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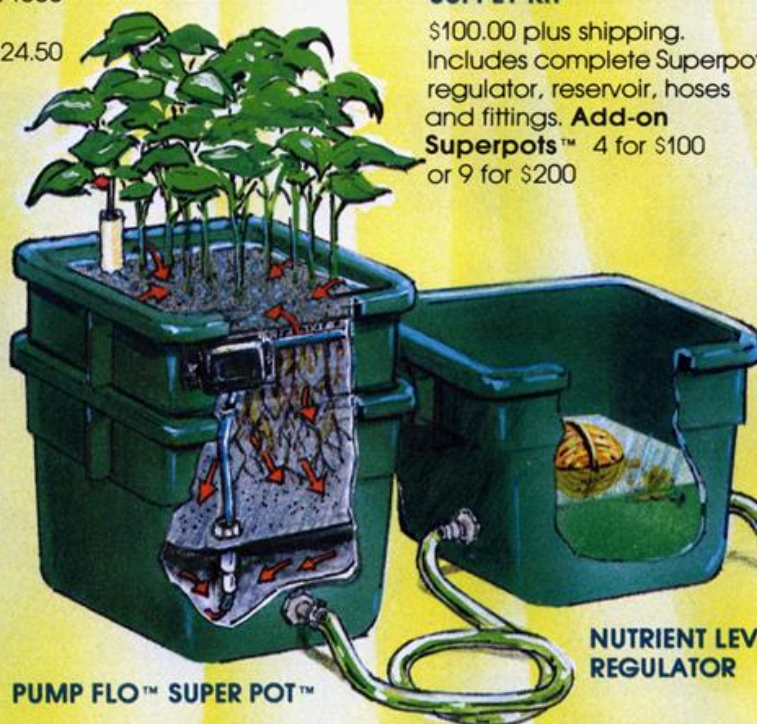
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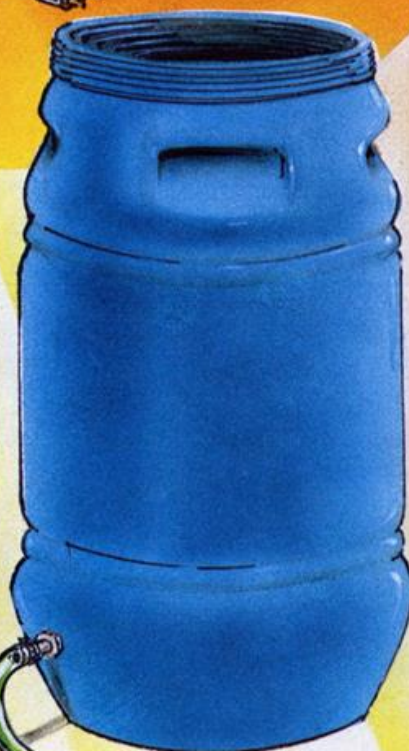
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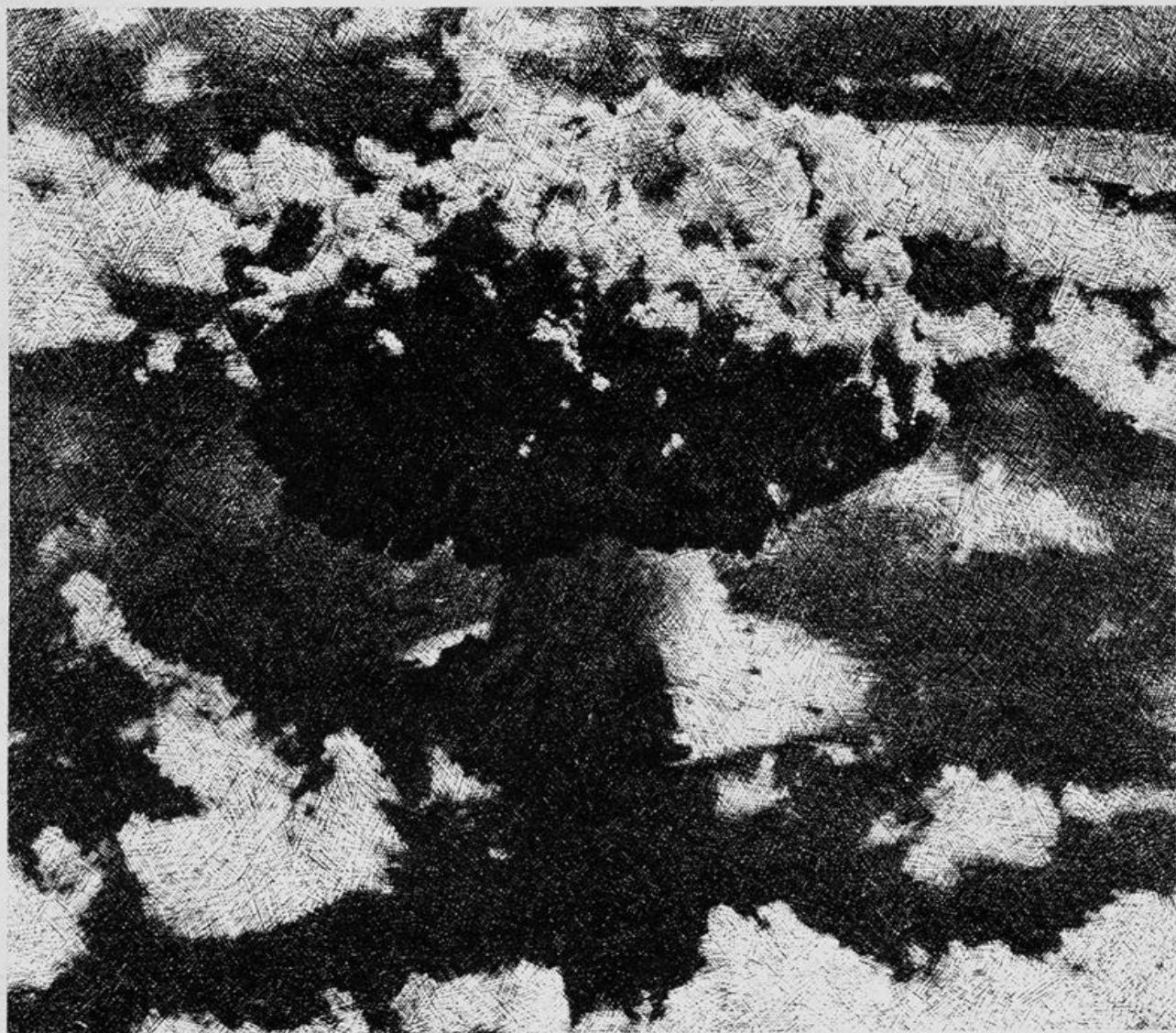
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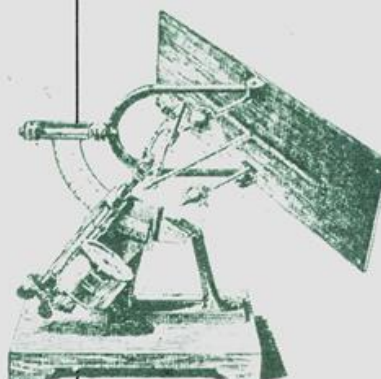




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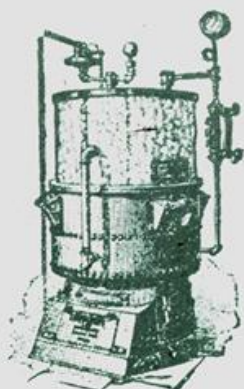
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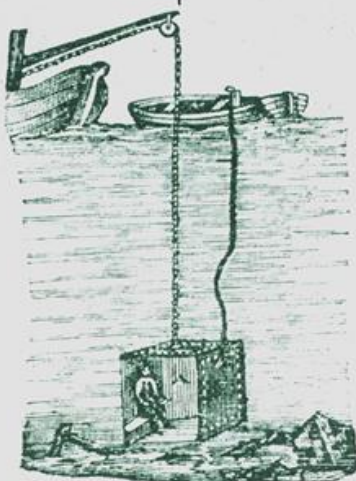
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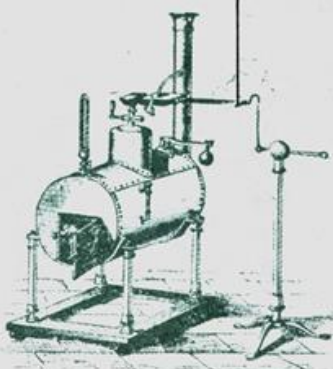
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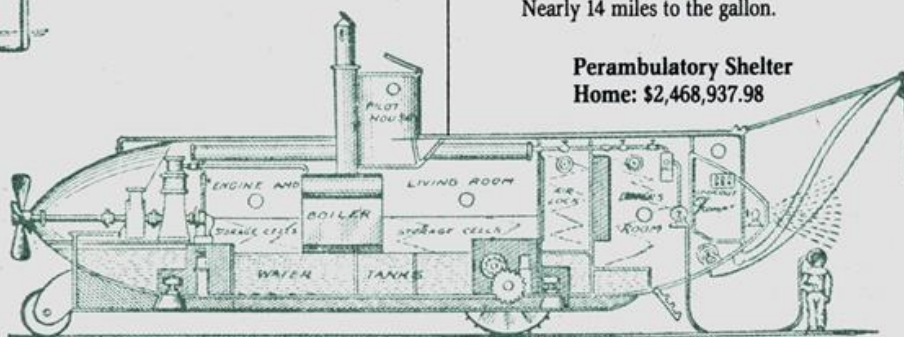
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KINKY FRIEDMAN'S

PERSONAL PICKS&PANS

Ronald Reagan and I arrived quite independently upon *Chariots of Fire* and *Breaker Morant* being the best movies of the last 47 years. That should say something about my credentials as a movie reviewer, 'cause Ron has seen and acted in a lot of movies. Most of them blow, of course, but so does Rex Reed. Here then are my ratings:

Stephanie Chernikowski



Orion Pictures



Warner Bros. and The Ladd Company

Chariots of Fire

(2 hrs. 23 min.)

I had to have nine penis colossals and four Jewish Defense League members to drag me to see this booger the first time. I hate these Judeo-Christian dialogues in movies. I hate Christians. Well, it turns out the heebie-jeebie breaks the tape with his nose and the Christian eventually finds that the kingdom of God is balancing on the tip of his penis. The music is not quite on a par with the "Theme from the Dukes of Hazard," but you can't have everything.

Try to see it away from crowds of large, noisy Negroes and older Jewish women getting up and putting their fucking coats on during the last three minutes. The last three minutes are identical to the first three minutes—beautiful

bookends of brain-candy holding together whatever faith, hope and charity have come to mean in 1982. I won \$100 from Brian Doyle Murray on this movie and I give it my highest rating. ☆☆☆☆

Breaker Morant

(2 hrs. 11 min.)

This movie is too good for Hollywood. And it's too bad for America. The gay, doomed spirit of Breaker Morant no longer rides from the purple mountain's majesty across the fruited plain.

It's a true classic. An Australian film about the human spirit. A real winner.

The only Vietnam parallel I saw in this film was a nerd from New Jersey trying to park his car in front of the theater. "It's all gonna be a tow-away

zone sooner or later, pal," I told him. "You can't feed the world with New Jersey plates."

Cheers, mate! 🐎🐎🐎

(19 hrs. 27 min.)

Reds is not worth seeing, so I didn't. For one thing, it's about 19 hours long and I had a feeling that it might cut into my cocktail hour.

Nothing humanly noteworthy has happened in Russia since Dr. Zhivago filled his last script—probably pharmaceutical caviar or something.

The Russians are a brutal, boring people who hurt tiny little Cambodians and harmless Afghans. If they ever catch Warren Beatty, some cossack'll probably cut off his penis and plant it. Grow little dictators. This project simultaneously represents the worst that both communism and capitalism have to offer.

The kike gives this one the spike. ♀

No Nukes

(seems to go on forever)

I didn't see this one either. But I'd like to nuke the bastard who produced it.

The concert starred Bruce Springsteen, Jackson Down, Earth, Wind and Fire, etc. etc.,

and apparently went down quite a bomb with the audience, as they say in England.

I recommend boycotting this kind of Jane Fonda pretentious Billy Joel Third World hair-blower type of music. The very idea of "No Nukes" struck me as unpleasant, uninspired and quite possibly un-American.

Who needs another warmed-over Woodstock? I'd rather see George Jones not show up.

The Kinkster gives this one only one warhead. ♀

Arthur

(time flies when you're having fun)

Arthur is a very funny, poignant, enjoyable movie. I am not ashamed to say that I did cry in a couple of places and I took my penis out a few times toward the end of the picture.

The music is provided by Christopher Cross, a no-talent fat boy from Austin, Texas, who won about 19 Academy Awards for this.

Christopher didn't write the "Theme from Arthur" song all by himself, however. Marvin Hamlisch, Peter Allen and Carole Bayer Sager all sat around the ol' wooden stove with him one night and just sort of knocked it out together. Even with all four of them on the job the music still sounds a hell of a lot like Elton John's "Yellow Brick Road."

In short, the movie's great, the song's weak and the beat goes on. I would like to know, however, which one of this musical foursome wrote the line "somewhere between the moon and New York City" so I can take him out and shoot him in the kneeling position. Probably Marvin Hamlisch. I hate everybody named Marvin.

Rating: \$\$\$\$

(Next month the Kinkster reviews television shows. His column will prominently feature four of his all-time favorites: "Quincy," "Barney Jones," "MacMillan and Wife" and "Meet the Black Mayors.")

—Ed.

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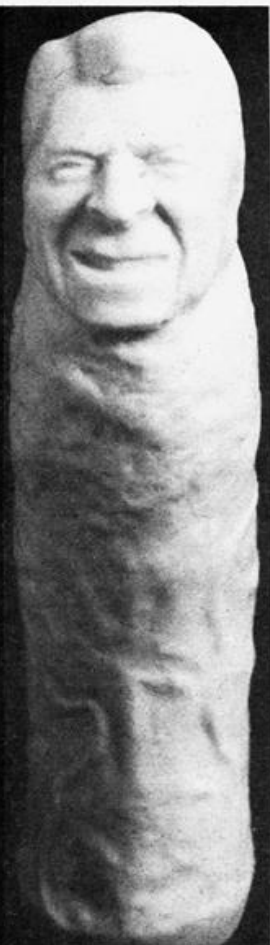
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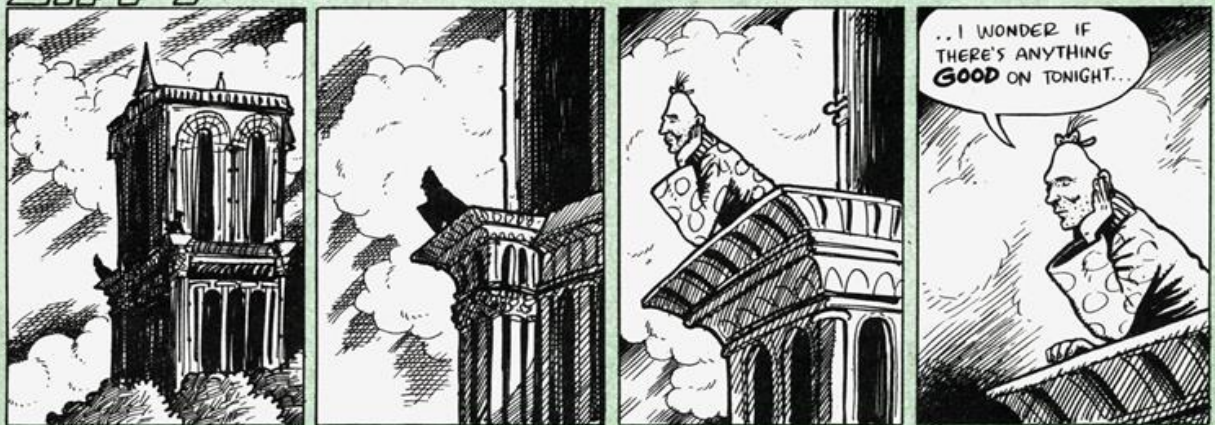
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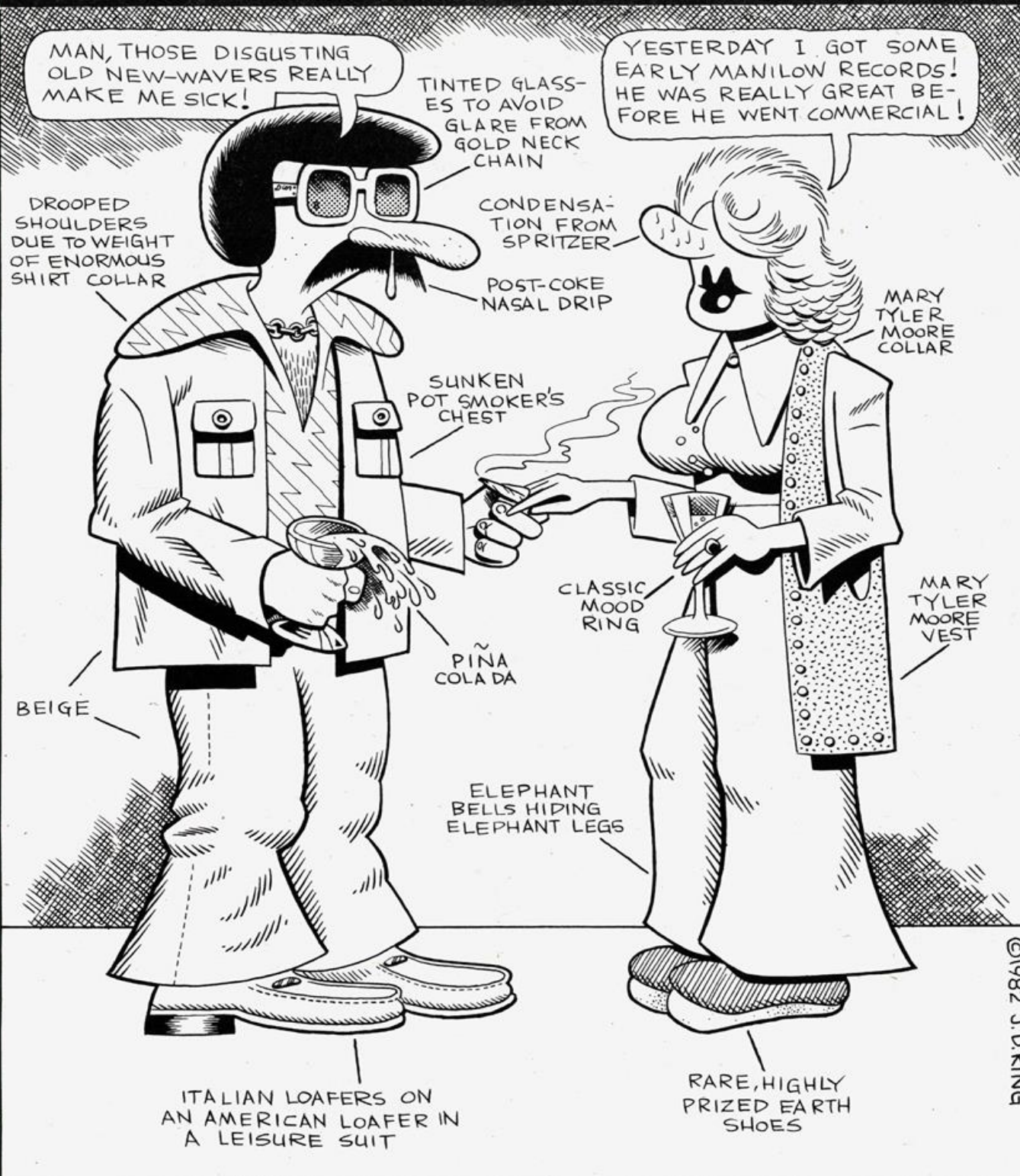
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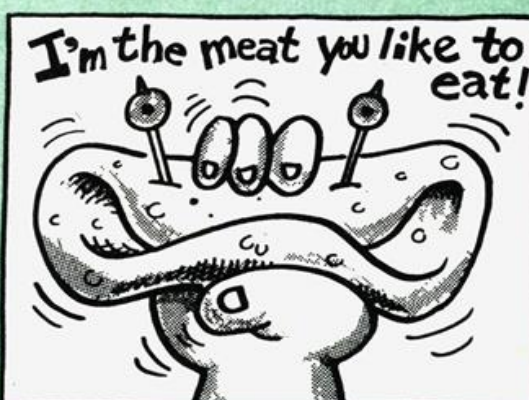
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1001 THOUGHTS ABOUT DRUGS

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270 IN THE ANALYSIS OF THE EFFECTS of LSD-25 on the human mind, a reasonable hypothesis states that the effect of these substances on the human computer is to introduce *white noise* (in the sense of randomly varying energy containing no signals of itself) in specific systems of the computer. . . . *This noisy component added to the usual signals in the circuits adds enough uncertainty to the meanings to make new interpretations more probable.*

John C. Lilly, M.D., *Programming and Metaprogramming in the Human Biocomputer*



271 IN THE USA THE MOST VALUABLE farm products are corn, soybeans and wheat, in that order. What is number four? According to the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws, it is marijuana. They estimate that the pot grown domestically last year was an \$8.2 billion crop. They estimate that up to 2 million Americans grew pot for personal use.

Washington Report, January 1982

272 IN THE YEARS AFTER THE CIVIL War, morphine addiction became tolerantly known as "the army disease" due to the fact that so many veterans had been first introduced to its use as wounded soldiers.

273 IN XANADU DID KUBLA KHAN A stately erection pleasure dome.

274 IT'S MY WIFE
It's my life
song: "Heroin," Lou Reed and the Velvet Underground, 1967

275 IT'S SO GOOD, DON'T EVEN TRY IT
once.
said of heroin

276 MARIJUANA FUDGE IS AN ENTERTAINING refreshment for a ladies bridge club or a chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Alice B. Toklas, *Cookbook*

277 MAY NOT THE SACRED MUSHROOM, or some other natural hallucinogen, have been the original element in all the Holy Suppers of the world?
Gordon Wasson

278 MY CANDLE BURNS AT BOTH ENDS;
It will not last the night;
But, ah, my foes, and, oh my friends—
It gives a lovely light.
Edna St. Vincent Millay,
"Figs from Thistles," 1920



279 MY WHOLE LIFE CAME TUMBLING down and I was sitting in the rubble.
prisoner at Concord State, Mass., after taking psilocybin

280 NOT POPPY, NOR MANDRAGORA
Nor all the drowsy syrups o' the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou own'dst yesterday.
Shakespeare, *Othello*, Act III, Sc. 3, l. 331

281 OPIUM . . . IT WILL DISSOLVE diseases as fire does snow.
Paracelsus, 16th century



282 REPORTING IN *THE PATHOLOGY and Treatment of Hysteria* (1853), the British Dr. Robert Brudenell Carter had "seen young unmarried women, of the middle-class of society, reduced by the constant use of the speculum, to the mental and moral condition of prostitutes; seeking to give themselves the same indulgence by the practice of solitary vice; and asking every medical practitioner . . . to institute an examination of the sexual organs. . . . No one who has realized the amount of moral evil wrought in girls . . . whose prurient desires have been increased by Indian hemp and partially gratified by medical manipulations, can deny that the remedy is worse than the disease. . . ."

cited in Ronald Pearsall's *The Worm in the Bud* (via RK)
(One can't help wondering what the good doctor himself was imbibing)

HIGH TIMES welcomes reader contributions to this clever column. Address correspondence to: Dope Lore, HIGH TIMES, 17 West 60th Street, New York, N.Y. 10023.

THE MILK FARM

continued from page 47

being a castrato isn't for me. "Is this social or what?"

"Uh-huh. You gotta eat, don't you? Want to smoke a doob?"

"I remember what happened the last time you asked me that. You don't really live here, do you?"

She lights a fat joint, laughing as she exhales. "You think I'd live in an armpit like this? When we're done I'll never see this place again."

And what about me? I want to ask her. Will I ever see *anything* again?

Rosie is chatting about nothing important, but her magic fingers are stroking my balls ever so lightly, and without my permission my cock starts to stiffen, reaching up to probe the air. She smiles, leans over and puts those full, pouty lips on the end of my cock head, sucking as she pulls off.

"Do you like that?"

"Cunt!" I yell. "You know I do."

Her eyes flare wide and deadly for a second, then soften. She's stroking my balls and sucking heavily on my cock, and with the pot making my whole body sensuously centered around my groin, the feeling is ecstasy.

Rosie pulls up her head, whipping me off with her hands as my hips arch up to meet her.

"Are you going to come?"

"Yes! Yes!"

"Good."

As my volcano is about to explode, she stops all at once, pours the rest of the root beer on my dick and balls, then gets up. There's that look in her eyes again, the sick look that makes me shiver.

"Don't ever call me a cunt again. I don't like it."

She replaces the tape and leaves.

That's the kind of "subtle" training method Rosie uses on me the next two days of Big Macs and jerkoffs.

Once she had a high-paying lady waiting at a near-by motel. And I couldn't get my rocks off because she'd already jerked me off four times that afternoon, and she finally pulled those denims down and put that lovely box on my cock. Then I came, and I found something out, too: She was a natural redhead.

The most horrible and degrading thing of all is when I've got to shit or piss and she brings me a bedpan and waits while I go potty. The pits!

Then everything changes! It's a nice day outside from the sound of the birds chirping. Thursday, I think. Maybe she's going to let me go today, but I'm not sure of anything anymore. I'm not even sure she won't just kill me, so she won't have to worry about the police.

Rosie comes in, and she's not alone! There is a pretty young girl with her, who's dressed in a school uniform, white dress with blue stripes. She's dark and pensive, with darting eyes that look everywhere except at me. I'm glad.

"Hi, George," says Rosie, brightly, "this is my little sister. And if you've been wondering about going to the police—well, don't bother. You know what the law thinks about someone your age having sex with a fifteen-year-old, don't you?"

Rosie is setting up a camera near the door, aiming it from a tripod, and I can see by the angle that she's got it fixed to photograph everything but my tied wrists and ankles. She tells the kid to get with it, and I can see she doesn't want to. Her name is Ellie, and finally, after some shouting, she comes over and sits on the edge of the bed, and even manages to look at my naked body.

Ellie says, "I know this is a drag for you."

"Knock that shit off," Rosie says. "Just get the tape off his mouth and do him. What do you think this is for, huh? It's for you, god-dammit!"

Ellie puts a trembling hand on my limp cock, and in spite of myself the damned thing starts growing in her soft, gentle grip.

"So this is it, huh, Rosie? You protect your ass by having your little sister fuck me, and—"

"My sister doesn't fuck anybody!" she seethes from behind the camera. "And if I ever catch her doing it, I'll kill the fucker that's in her! What do you think I'm doing this shit for? Do you think I enjoy jerking off a bunch of guys, hand-feeding them and cleaning their fucking bedpans?!"

Ellie wraps her mouth around my throbbing cock, encircling it with her fingers near the base and jerking up and down as she sucks. Meanwhile, the camera is clicking away like mad, and when a whole roll is done, Rosie takes over with my cock, brings me off into the end of a rubber and gets ready to leave.

"Ellie, put all the camera stuff back in the case, tape his mouth up good and tight and turn off the lights; okay kid? I've got to get the spare out of Georgie boy's car, so I can change that flat we had."

Now my heart is really pounding. The coke! Ten fucking ki's under the spare tire. I'm going to tell her my spare is flat, but Ellie places the tape over my mouth, still looking at the walls.

Ellie has the case all packed, and she goes to turn out the lights, but heels come clicking through the living room—then Rosie rounds the corner with a grin spread across her face, and my suitcase full of coke in her hand!

There's this sick feeling in the pit of my stomach. Everything, my dreams, all down the drain. For what? Those long, fucking legs!

"You know what, Ellie?" Rosie says, opening the suitcase. "Georgie boy wasn't going to the police, anyways. We took all those pictures for nothing."

Ellie goes over and stares at the ten large Ziploc bags full of sparkling flakes. She whistles, slowly.

"All right, now, get outside and wait in the car," says Rosie. "I've been waiting all my life for a break like this, kid, and here it is. Neither of us is ever going to work again, and you're going to college."

"What are you going to do?" asks her wide-eyed sister.

"You know what I have to do, kid. But don't worry. I'm going to make it look like one of those gay murders, where they found the guys castrated. They'll think it was just some nutty queer!"

"Rosie, don't!"

"Get out in the car! Now!"

"Rosie..."

Rosie slaps her hard, almost knocking her off her feet, and Ellie runs out the door crying.

Me, I'm sweating like a pig, pulling on the chains with all my might, my eyes wide as Rosie slowly removes a long, sharp knife from her jeans pocket.

This can't be happening. It's got to be a nightmare that I'm going to wake up from. But as Rosie grabs hold of my cock and balls, I'm not so sure. The blade glitters in the light as it swoops down toward the root of my cock, then starts to move.

Suddenly, Rosie's body thumps, and I see her eyes go kind of stupid. Then blood runs out of that lovely red hair, quickly covering her face as she slides to the floor. Then I see Ellie, standing behind her, with a dirty old pipe she must have pulled out of the ground.

The sun is almost blinding as I walk swiftly out the front door of the little Key West cottage, Ellie in one hand, the suitcase in the other. Within an hour we're across Seven-Mile Bridge, passing Marathon on the way home to Colorado.

Look, Barbara never did like keeping house, and someone's gotta clean up after those malamutes. □

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"Cocaine has the highest reinforcement property—it's a drug that lends itself to compulsion."

INTERVIEW: DAVID SMITH, M.D.
continued from page 37

ior-modification scheme, at that point, to prevent this future, potential drug abuse. What do you think of that?

SMITH: That's a whole line of thinking that bothers me philosophically. First of all, I think it overstates the state of knowledge relative to cause and effect here. You may get involved with a drug, and as a consequence of that *involvement*, you enter into a particular drug culture. But there's a psychophysiological profile to consider, and personality development. Entering the drug culture, for an adolescent, will have a significant impact on his attitudes and psychological functioning.

One thing that's had a profound influence on my thinking in this area has been working with thousands of recovered people. During their addict careers I'm involved with their dependence, overdoses, detoxification, medical complications, liver problems, abscesses... While they're addicted, even when they've cleaned up a little and they're doing white-knuckle sobriety, they act one way. But then when they get into recovery as an alternative to drugs, there is really a quite dramatic transition. They start acting, thinking and behaving in a very different way.

HIGH TIMES: It's not just a transfer of obsessions and compulsions from drugs to being straight?

SMITH: Well, whatever you call it. For example, we use long-distance running as part of the recovery process. The key, it appears, is that it releases endorphins in the brain, and you get anxiety reduction, reduction of drug hunger. We use it a great deal. Ron Siegel at UCLA uses it for his freebasers in recovery. They get very compulsively involved with running, but that doesn't bother me at all. They get deeply involved with a healthy, productive process.

Now, if you'd seen these people in the active stages of their addiction careers, you'd have attributed all sorts of personality characteristics to them: They lie, they steal, rip off people. But some of the most honest people I know are drug addicts and alcoholics in recovery. They'll go out in the

middle of the night to help someone else in recovery who's in trouble, spend twenty-four or forty-eight hours with them, free, on their own time. That's the same person who was a liar and a thief and a crook while actively using: some of the most dedicated, devoted, honest, open people I've ever seen. So the idea that these characteristics are inherent in an individual, rather than a consequence of their involvement with drugs and the drug culture, is inaccurate and limiting. If you believe addiction is caused by certain personality characteristics, then the logic is to identify these characteristics in advance. But that's potentially dangerous thinking, and it bothers me.

One of the reasons I started the clinic in 1967 was that drug users and abusers and addicts were a stigmatized population being denied the right to health care. We started as a civil-rights issue rather than a health-care issue. You don't have the right to deny people health care because you happen to disapprove of their lifestyle. In 1967 there was no drug-abuse treatment in America; where you were treated was jail. There were a few residential programs like Synanon, but voluntary outpatient treatment didn't exist, because addicts didn't deserve the right to health care. And I fought and wrote against the idea of the addict personality, because it was law-enforcement thinking: Identify the addict personality, the addict personality never changes. Recovery is impossible, so you identify them and send them to jail.

I think that's scientifically inaccurate, and it's very offensive politically. Right now my son is a high-risk individual. I don't want anyone sending him to a correctional facility because he's high risk.

You've got to deal with the science first. This idea is limited and inaccurate scientifically, because it invokes a cause-and-effect relationship that doesn't exist. We call addiction a primary disease, in and of itself, and a biological predisposition may be a much stronger causal factor than a psychological predisposition. So the science needs to be clarified.

And the early identification has to be handled properly. We believe that you can more confidently identify high-risk individuals by family history than by any personality

constellation, but it has to be handled very appropriately. Early identification should lead to early education of the family and individual about this special risk. But we're getting people, particularly in this right-wing climate today, who say addiction is horrible, there's no hope of recovery, and high-risk people should be identified early and put in some special institution or something.

HIGH TIMES: How would you define cocaine abuse, short of addiction?

SMITH: The key differentiating point is whether the individual has had compulsive loss of control or continued use in spite of consequences.

HIGH TIMES: Well, could they have perhaps one of those elements as an abuser?

SMITH: Well, obviously, it can be a gradation. You can be an abuser before you're an addict or you can be an addict from the first time you use. Many people have told me, "I fell in love with heroin the first time I shot it up." Other people have said that the compulsion set in right away. Other people face a gradual buildup. Other people just use periodically and then on occasion abuse.

HIGH TIMES: Would it be abuse if you, say, snort cocaine once a week or twice a month and then all of a sudden you go for a full weekend of staying up?

SMITH: You can't really go on the dosage or the time sequence. You have to ask, What was the dysfunction? That is the key characteristic of abuse. You can't tag it to a specific phase or dosage. Did you crack up your car and keep using? Someone who wipes out his nasal septum could be just an abuser, if he stops at that point and says, "Jesus Christ, I've wiped out my septum, my nose hurts like hell and I've got to stop." But if he's snorting again two days later, though it hurts even worse, then he's an addict. The key is he continues on despite the consequences and he continues on because it's become compulsive.

HIGH TIMES: How valid is it to say that drugs have a potential for abuse?

SMITH: It depends on your parameters. Alcohol has the highest abuse potential in terms of inflicted damage, physical and behavioral toxicity. But cocaine has the highest reinforcement property—it's a drug that lends itself to compulsion. You *can* look at the drug and say, "relative abuse potential." But you have to consider the physical and psychological parameters when speaking of "abuse." There are a large number of people who snort cocaine and never abuse, never develop compulsion, even though they're snorting a drug that lends itself to compulsion. There's *another* group of people who snort cocaine now and then, and periodically overdo it with some dysfunction. You could call these individuals episodic abusers. But they are not cocaine addicts.

HIGH TIMES: Can you differentiate between habit and addiction?

SMITH: We use the term *habit* for learned be-

havior: state-dependent learning, it's called. The work we're doing on drug abuse and sexual dysfunction, for instance. You'll see an individual who snorts cocaine, and it increases sexual desire, improves performance, over the short term, at low dosage. But then they increase the dosage, they become impulsive. At high doses you find decreased sexual desire and impaired performance; it produces erectile and ejaculatory failure in the male, decreases desire and impedes orgasm in the female. Then they decide to stop and get into treatment, but there's trouble. They'd *learned* to function sexually under the influence of a psychoactive drug. This is state-dependent learning. Now they have to relearn to function without it.

HIGH TIMES: Jesus. They cued their sex lives into the high?

SMITH: Yes, but it's very subtle. We've compiled over five hundred sexual case histories of drug abusers, which is something new. In most drug-treatment programs, questions about sexual functioning aren't even asked. But we started this, and we've found that the relationship between sexual functioning and drug addiction is more highly correlated than previously suspected.

Our heroin study was interesting. There's a generalization that heroin interferes with sexual functioning, but we found in our addict population that about thirty percent of the women have moderate to severe dyspareunia—vaginal pain on intercourse—prior to doing heroin, which turned out to relieve the pain and actually improved their sexual performance, appetite and enjoyment. But after they got the dosage up too high and became habitual users, it greatly reduced their sexual drive and inhibited their ability to have an orgasm.

HIGH TIMES: But did they still have pain on insertion?

SMITH: No. The heroin relieves the pain, but when the dosage gets high and they use it habitually, it greatly decreases their sexual desire and ability to have an orgasm. So in a sense, they only trade one form of sexual dysfunction for another.

With men, we've found that forty-five percent of them, prior to the use of heroin, described moderate to severe premature ejaculation, and the heroin delayed ejaculation. So in the beginning, they found that it had a sexually enhancing effect. But again, as the dose got high and they used it habitually, it killed their drive; it started producing sexual impotence.

I see about fifty addicts a week at the clinic, and I take a sex history on each one of them. Last week one patient said, "Yeah, when I don't use, I come too fast. And heroin really helps me. So when I kick, my girl friend really gets on my case about it." He happened to be a Chicano, and the *machismo* thing made it even worse. "Any time I clean up, I've got to deal with that again."

We believe what happens is that the per-

son remembers the positive effects of the opiates, and even after they clean up, they may try to use it to facilitate sex and other things. But once you start using it again, then you generally lose control and the addiction process gets restarted. If you've been an addict before and you stop, it's very hard to return to controlled use. Whereas people who have never been addicts, they might be able to control it.

HIGH TIMES: If you can only function sexually under the influence of a drug, you're really in just as much trouble as you were before. Because either the drug will cease to work for you eventually, or some bastard will come and take it away from you.

SMITH: Exactly. It's become a big problem with adolescents, now that the onset of psychoactive drug use starts with the onset of sexual experience.

HIGH TIMES: That's a peculiar introduction to sexuality. The first four or five times they get laid they're high, right? That *would* be a real cuing problem, I bet.

SMITH: It's state-dependent learning. They've learned to function in a social/sexual way under the influence of a psychoactive drug, and never functioned that way without it. So if they have to stop the drug because they become compulsive with it, then they have to do a lot of relearning in the social and sexual areas.

HIGH TIMES: In terms of recovery, isn't one of the best things you can do for patients to get them together with other people who are also into recovery?

SMITH: Definitely. Because that becomes an alternative to the drug culture. Remember, the drug culture, to an addict, does reinforce drug hunger.

HIGH TIMES: The people, this camaraderie and shared effort, it sort of becomes an alternative to the reinforcement that the drug gives you, also. That's the philosophy—the strategy, really—behind most therapeutic communities, like Phoenix House and Synanon.

SMITH: Delancey Street in San Francisco is the best example I know of. Therapeutic communities (TCs) are excellent for certain types of addicts, particularly the more hardcore, who've been criminalized. The residential TC gets them geared toward recovery, and then they graduate when they're

"Remember, the drug culture, to an addict, does reinforce drug hunger."

clean and into recovery. Quite often they get very socially and politically active. A lot of it relates to the philosophy of the leader. People in these groups can be led very constructively.

HIGH TIMES: That's the question I've got about TCs. I've studied them: Synanon, Jim Jones, Odyssey House, Daytop Village. It seems one common trouble you run up against, any time you've got a bunch of kicked addicts together, is that they tend to hang together a little too tightly.

SMITH: Well, Jim Jones was not a therapeutic community; that was a religious group. They definitely were *not* into recovery. I was asked to review the medical evidence at the Larry Layton trial, and they showed me an enormous stack of drug-ordering forms. Jones ordered large quantities of drugs.

HIGH TIMES: But strictly nonhigh control drugs, neuroleptics like Thorazine and Stelazine, right? Nuthouse tranks, chloral hydrate and so on.

SMITH: That's documented. It was very much a pharmacological control scheme that was inflicted on the people of Jonestown. There was even evidence that he put Thorazine in the sandwiches, not just the Kool-Aid. There was a punishment: If you didn't do what he wanted, your dose was increased. And there's substantial evidence that Jones himself was a high-dose amphetamine abuser, which may account for his paranoia and bizarre sexuality. We know that very high doses of amphetamines can produce bizarre sexuality in a certain subgroup of people.

HIGH TIMES: It can actually leave lesions right in the pituitary gland, which governs sexual behavior, can't it?

SMITH: Yes, it alters brain function. Sometimes you lose sexual desire and performance, but other times it leads to bizarre sexuality. We know that amphetamine psychosis often includes bizarre sexuality, and that may be the direct action of the drug on the dopamine system in the brain.

HIGH TIMES: Sure. Dopamine is what makes schizophrenics hallucinate. It can just as well lead to increased libido as not, but the experience is horrible either way. And that's true of cocaine-induced toxic

continued on next page

psychosis, right? Tickles up the dopamine? **SMITH:** With high doses of cocaine over a long binge period, a psychosis can develop with auditory and visual hallucinations and paranoid reference. You develop the conviction that there are people *out there* trying to harm you, and that crystalizes into conspiracy.

Bizarre sexuality is also sometimes associated with cocaine psychosis. A lot of middle-class users we've seen, for instance, got on cocaine for its sex-enhancing properties, but then got very strange. I have one lawyer-patient who got started snorting cocaine—you know, great social/sexual stimulant. And then his girl friend said, "If you think that's good, let's try shooting it." So they shot it, and got the dosage up really high, and then they stopped having sex altogether. Finally, their sexual behavior consisted of sitting in bed and mutually injecting each other.

HIGH TIMES: That's weird sex all right, but not what you think of when it comes to drugs and sex. I've heard reports—strictly anecdotal, of course—about speed and S&M in San Francisco.

SMITH: In the field of human sexuality, we try not to use societal judgments. We assume people have their own individual sexual pattern, whatever that may be, and we use that as a sort of internal control. So, these are self-defined deviations from the person's own sexuality. We have heard, for example, of individuals who call themselves heterosexual but who use high doses of stimulants and go into a gay bath for three days and participate in homosexual marathons and then come out and feel guilty about it. Or a homosexual who accepts that he's a homosexual, is satisfied with it, has a partner and episodically abuses high doses of either amphetamine or cocaine and enters into a multiple sexual S&M context that is both dysfunctional to him and causes him guilt when he comes down. And he says, "I wouldn't have done that if it hadn't been for the speed."

One thing that's been alarming to us is that in San Francisco we've seen a rise in intravenous injection of amphetamines in the gay culture. There is a supply of cut amphetamines available. And interviewing these guys, we find they are reasonably stable, they're employed and you can't really say that their life is unconventional other than the fact that they are self-defined homosexuals—and in San Francisco you can't call that unconventional. About twenty-five percent of Haight-Ashbury is homosexual, and they are probably one of the biggest political forces in San Francisco. So you have to say that their life is basically conventional and not part of the drug culture. Their homosexuality is well integrated within their own life and their community.

So then somebody says, "Shoot up speed, it makes sex greater." So they go and shoot

speed, love it for its sexual effects but then enter into sexual activity that is dysfunctional as far as they are concerned. S&M, group sex, gay hustlers—stuff that deviates from their own pattern and which *they* define as dysfunctional. But it only comes up when they inject.

HIGH TIMES: Is that just a matter of blaming natural inclinations on the drug?

SMITH: We've studied a group of individuals who are homoerotic and homophobic. They prefer the same sex, but they have grown up in a society that is antigay. So they have learned attitudes that are antihomosexual, but their erotic preference is homosexual. They are in this group that we call homoerotic/homophobic. And they abuse drugs to eliminate that cognitive dissidence. Now that would be the group that you are referring to. But I am talking about a subgroup that is homoerotic and accepts it and likes it. They are not homophobic. They don't dislike other homosexuals. They have integrated into the gay community. When they periodically abuse stimulants at very high dosages intravenously, they get into patterns of sexual behavior that they would have not gotten into if they hadn't used it. It's the effect of the drug on the dopamine system.

HIGH TIMES: Dopamine will do that to you. It will increase your libido and also give you hallucinations.

SMITH: And the dopamine system is implicated with the psychotic process, too. So that we believe that really what happens is that high-dose abuse of the stimulant produces dysfunction in the dopamine system, which is the biochemical basis to the stimulant psychosis and the bizarre sexuality.

HIGH TIMES: They just want to do the drug. They don't want to engage in what they consider to be perverted sex, which turns out to be the consequence of taking the drug. Do you think people who seek treatment are actually drawing the line, so to speak?

SMITH: A lot of different things drive people into treatment. Some of it is recognition that this thing is out of control. This is why in Alcoholics Anonymous and in Narcotics Anonymous they stress that you must accept that you've lost control. This is where the whole higher power thing comes in.

“With high doses of cocaine over a long binge, a psychosis can develop with hallucinations and paranoia.”

The addict and the alcoholic have to accept that they have lost control.

HIGH TIMES: When people seek treatment, does it also have something to do with the fact that they have gotten so far into the drug that they have lost contact with other people?

SMITH: That; the law, money, health consequences. That's the thing I was talking about earlier. Lots of people seek treatment early not because they understand addictive disease but because they know something is going wrong and is causing consequences. And if there was a ready supply of drugs any time they wanted to use them, they would never be motivated to get into recovery. That's another thing I mentioned before. With alcoholism there is a ready supply of alcohol, and it is nonsupply factors that motivate them to get into treatment.

HIGH TIMES: It seems that one of the traits most of these people have is that they're seeking reinforcement from other people. And that's why there is a drug culture. That's why people who do dope, especially, do seek each other out and have this—

SMITH: But remember, when you say "do dope," you are talking around a specific pattern because, for example, the non-drug-culture addicts like nurses are loners. So drug addiction and drug culture are not synonymous concepts. People enter into the drug culture because of the appeal of the drug culture and the alienation that they feel from the dominant culture.

The nurses don't go shoot up together. They do it only alone, see. You can't say that it's a characteristic of all addicts. Drug cultures come into being because of common interest, shared opposition to the law, access to drugs, shared language, shared beliefs. So that the drug culture is more of a sociocultural consequence of the legal stigmatization of a particular pattern of behavior. Because individuals who are not into that system—the physician or nurse addict, for instance—are loners. They don't use drugs with anybody, they don't tell anybody about it. In fact, nurses come into the recovery group and say, "My God, there is somebody else. I thought I was the only one that snuck the Demerol and stuck it in my arm." □

MARIJUANA MONEY



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SOUNDS

Doug Sahm has been a living legend for 20 years now, an acknowledged master of the wide range of musical forms that make up Texas rock 'n' roll. From Merseybeat to ZZ Top, from Bob Wills to the new-wave rockers, Sahm has been one of the foremost Texas musicians of the era.

Sahm has been singing since he was five years old, when he entered a contest over KMAC radio in San Antonio. By the time he was six and a half, he was playing triple-neck Fender steel guitar, fiddle, lead guitar and mandolin, all of which he learned by ear. When he was nine, Doug had an offer to join the Grand Old Opry, but his mother forced him to stay in school, where he chafed until his graduation in 1960.

In '64 Doug was playing four nights a week at the Blue Note Lounge, fronting what would eventually turn out to be the Sir Douglas Quintet. When local producer Huey Meaux heard the group down in Houston in '65, he knew he was looking at a sure thing. Meaux went to work on the quintet, capitalizing on the English invasion that was happening at the time—the quintet, Meaux figured, needed an organist to sound English, and Augie Meyer brought his Farfisa over from Denny Esmond and the Goldens. The Sir Douglas Quintet was complete, and "She's About a Mover," the original Tex-Mex "border wave" rock 'n' roll tune, became a nationwide hit.

No sooner did the group become involved in something larger than a local audience than everything began to fall apart. The first album cover showed a band obscured by shadows because Meaux didn't want the public to know there were Mexicans instead of Englishmen in the band. Meaux sent them out on the road, giving Sahm a pageboy haircut to go along with the Sir Douglas moniker. They played a series of one-nighters under James Brown, the Stones and the Beach Boys and appeared on "Hullabaloo," where Sahm first met up with Bob Dylan.

But halfway through the tour the group decided they'd been away from home for too long. "We were down in 'Greenwich' Villages somewhere, and one of the boys suggested that we go home," Doug remembers. "So we took a vote. Two of us said, 'Go on with it,' and the other three said, 'Let's go back to Texas.' So we did."

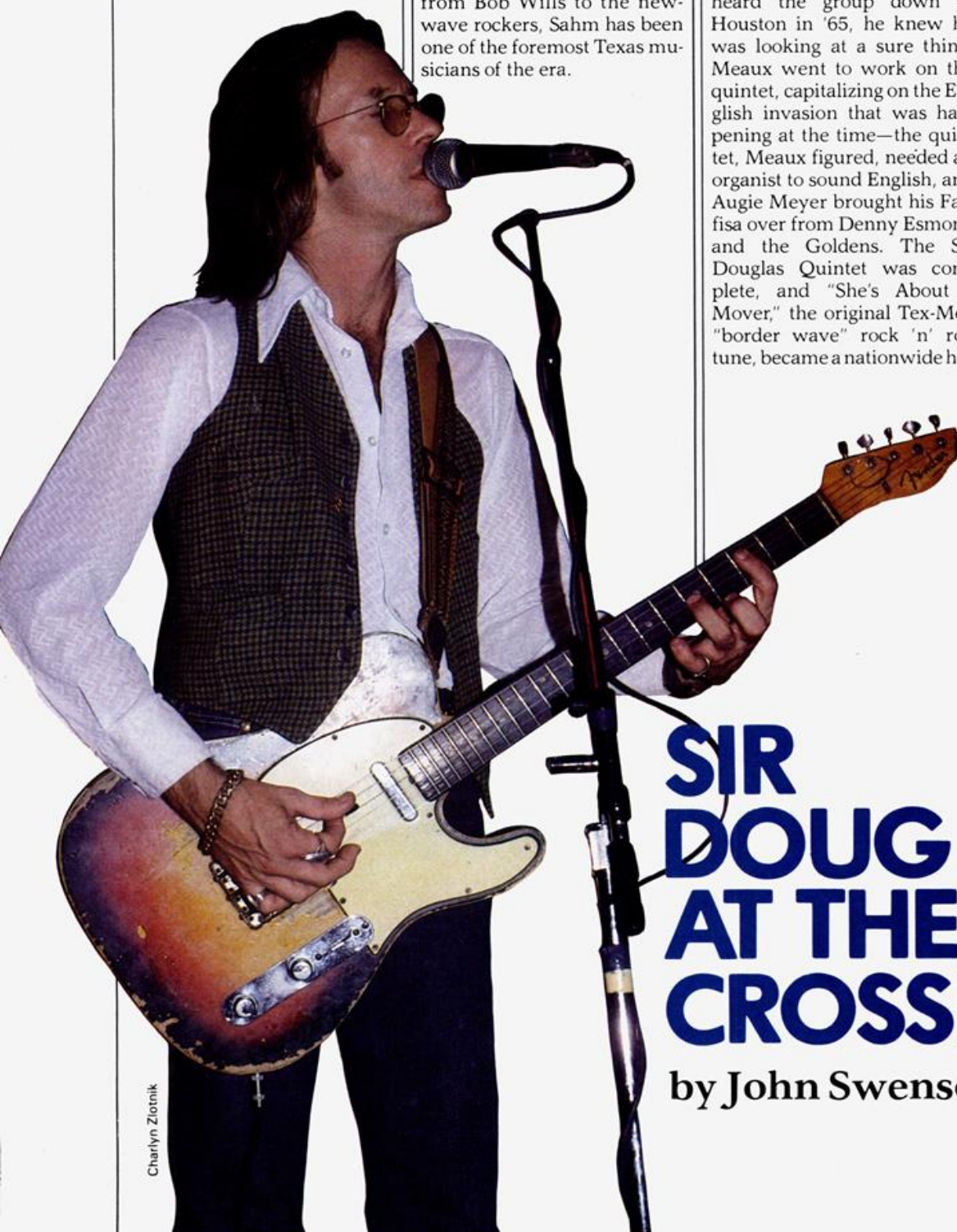
Two years after "Mover," Sahm resurfaced in California with a new album, *Sir Douglas Quintet + 2 (Monkey Blues)*, the product of Doug's exile from Texas, where he was busted and from which he eventually fled. "We were just too damn loose for Texas," says Sahm. "Man, we got into too many hassles down there from being so loose."

So Doug moved to Prunedale, then became part of the late-'60s San Francisco music scene.

After Augie Meyer came out to San Francisco in '68, the quintet re-formed with Harvey Kagen instead of Jack Barber on bass (the original bass player decided to stay back in Texas and pursue his barber career). Now that they had regained their commercial sound, the group came up with their second monster hit,

SIR DOUG AT THE CROSSROADS

by John Swenson



Charlyn Zlotnik

"Mendocino." They rode on that for a while, touring Europe (they hid the stash in the legs of Augie's organ to allay their paranoia), but couldn't meet time schedules or manage more than an occasional performance.

This period saw some of Doug's most memorable pieces of songwriting. "At the Crossroads," a Dylan-ish song chosen by Mott the Hoople for inclusion on their first album, features the famous line, "You just can't live in Texas if you don't have a lot of soul." "Lawd I'm Just a Country Boy in This Great Big Freaky City" is the hayseed-in-Haight-Ashbury blues, a new genre to say the least. What would make this Li'l Abner minus 100 pounds gravitate to the biggest tribalized collection of freaks this side of Atlantis? The desire to get off in a sympathetic surrounding. San Francisco, "with its winin' and its dinin' and its cable cars and all those crazy things," was a home away from home for Sahm during that period, but he acknowledged then that he'd probably end up drinking Lone Star beer in his hometown bar.

And that's exactly what did happen. After combining the quintet with the Honky Blues for the $1+1+1=4$ album, Doug went home to record the classic LP *The Return of Doug Saldana* in Houston's Gold Star studios, the same place where "She's About a Mover" had been recorded. By this time the quintet had broken up, seemingly for good, and Sahm embarked on a solo career that finally earned him the recognition he deserved.

"I just couldn't live out in California anymore; it just got a little too fast there," Doug recalled. "And back home in Texas I got a nice balance because I had my family and I had my get-off in Austin; I had both of them without any extreme, where like 'Frisco was a total get-off and after a while I got tired of it. I just didn't have as much fun as I used to with the Avalon and all that scene. Everybody would always sit down and say it just ain't like the old days. You start living in the past."

After reestablishing his Texas roots, Sahm made a famous

record for Atlantic (*Doug Sahm and Band*) that featured Bob Dylan, Doctor John, David "Fathead" Newman and David Bromberg as well as other crack session musicians. As good as that album was, the band Doug put together for the promotional tour to follow it up was even better, his biggest touring outfit ever and the only one fully capable of doing justice to Sahm's incredible range of jazz, R&B, blues, country music and rock 'n' roll.

But Sahm never stays in one place for too long, and having done his big-time scene he decided to return to Texas and lay back for a while. Back home he helped to establish the cosmic cowboy "outlaw" scene centered around Austin.

"When I was there I wasn't into too much of a cowboy trip, and then I went back home and became much more of a psychedelic cowboy than I realized. Willie Nelson's a good example; he's a cowboy cowboy like Waylon Jennings, and I'm probably part cowboy, but I've been through that Owsley trip, too, and doing all that other shit out in 'Frisco, and it's a different consciousness level from where I was back in Texas. Then the cycle went on back, and now me and Willie just sit there and crack up; we know we're doing the same trip now, but we came in from different angles. Everybody's got this vibration about Austin because that's where we get off—it's a laid-back trip. There's no strain. You can come out at eleven o'clock and just jam if you want to."

As Texas became more than just a redneck haven, and cowboy chic came to the fore in the '70s, Sahm found himself in the right place at the right time. At clubs like New York's Lone Star Cafe he was able to build

up a circuit of new and old fans who'd dance all night to his music. Meanwhile, Sahm made a series of excellent albums in a variety of contexts, including some members of the quintet (*Texas Tornado*, *Texas Rock for Country Rollers*) and a band based around the rhythm section from Creedence Clearwater Revival, Stu Cook and Doug Clifford (*Groover's Paradise*).

In the late '70s Sahm went underground again for a while, releasing a couple of albums on independent Texas labels before returning to the national scene with the great *Hell of a Spell* album.

Sahm was unprepared for what would happen next. After years as an underground legend who was generally considered too well outside of the mainstream of popular music, Sahm suddenly found himself the founding father of a whole new music scene in the '80s. Punk and new-wave bands, nurtured on the infectious roots pop sound of the quintet's '60s classics, were coming out of the woodwork. Joe "King" Carrasco came out of Texas with a sound almost identical to the early Sir Douglas material and took the new-wave scene by storm with the freshness and energy of the sound.

Not to be outdone, Sahm reformed the quintet concept with Augie Meyers back on keyboards and the fantastic Alvin Crowe on guitar and vocals. "Those new guys have the

right idea," says Doug, "but there's no substitute for the original sound, y'know. When we get into the basic moving beat of 'She's About a Mover,' we can get that thing going for twenty minutes and there's nobody can resist it." Sahm's *Border Wave* LP is proof.

"That's the difference, whereas just being a bunch of loud notes—see, I don't like to compare even guitar players, there's so many, like Johnny Winter—he's got incredible technique, he's so fast. Now he plays a completely different Texas style than I do. He plays trio with a lot of notes and that bass and drums thing. He comes from that Houston-Beaumont thing, which is trio blues and Jimmy Reed-type blues, whereas in San Antonio we used the horns in a Blue Bland-type sound, and if you didn't, there was another guitar player to take your place who did."

The secret to Sahm's magic sound? "It's just good, quality musicians, man. Nobody tries to outdo each other. We never get in each other's way. It's just basic rock 'n' roll music being played simple. The organ will float in and then I'll float in on lead. It just floats, man, we just do it, because nobody's worried about playing Madison Square Garden or going to Chicago." □

"It's just basic rock 'n' roll being played simple. Nobody's worried about playing Madison Square Garden."



Charlyn Zlotnik



We Want Miles

Miles Davis
(Columbia 38005)

This two-record set documents last year's astonishing comeback by one of the greatest figures in jazz history. Davis is not just the most famous jazz trumpeter in recent times, he is one of the most important conceptualists in 20th-century music. His landmark *In a Silent Way* and *Bitches Brew* albums ushered in the era of '70s jazz rock and proved to be such formidable statements that no one in the genre has even approached them since. *We Want Miles* illustrates the fact that Davis's current band, which includes bassist Marcus Miller, guitarist Mike Stern, saxophonist Bill Evans, drummer Al Foster and percussionist Mino Cinelu, returns to a sound similar to that of Davis's *Bitches Brew*-era bands. The forceful, articulate rhythm section highlighted by Miller's fantastic bass playing and the superb lead guitar work of Mike Stern make this outfit a match for any rock band put up against them, while Davis's sublime architectural statements on the trumpet and Bill Evans's virtuosic soprano saxophone soloing provide more than most jazz bands can offer. Stern in particular shines on this set. He switches from fat, hornlike tones to lightning runs full of melodic surprise in his great solo on "Fast Track," and performs well as the record's principal soloist. Davis himself plays beautifully, despite the painful lip afflictions that have limited his playing severely since the mid '70s. Last summer's controversial performance at Avery Fisher Hall as part of the Kool Jazz Festival was roundly criticized by many respected jazz writers, but *We Want Miles* offers concrete proof of an earwax epidemic on the part of those critics.



The Joint's Jumpin'!

The Juke Jumpers
(Amazing AM 1005)

Robert Ealey with the Juke Jumpers

(Amazing AM 1004)

More great Texas blues and boogie. The Juke Jumpers are an excellent band of young players who cover a wide range of styles adeptly. Vocalist/guitarist Jim Colegrove is the band's veteran member, having played with Bobby Charles, Paul Butterfield, Todd Rundgren, Nick Gravenites and Orleans before moving to Texas to start the Jumpers in '77. Saxophonist Johnny Reno is a hard-blowing Arkansan from the Arnett Cobb/Illinois Jacquet school who gigged with Stevie Vaughan's legendary Double Trouble band before joining the Jumpers. But the real star of the group is lead guitarist Sumner Bruton, an extremely slick and hard-driving soloist with his roots firmly planted in T-Bone Walker's sweet, hornlike style. His best moments come on a tribute to his mentor, "T-Bone Shuffle," as well as on such stompers as "Necks and Feet" and "Let's Get Loose." The Jumpers also back up Ealey, a competent blues singer who runs a well-known blues roadhouse called the New Blue Bird Nightclub in Fort Worth.

Angst in My Pants

Sparks
(Atlantic SD 19347)

Brothers Ron and Russell Mael have a long history of rotten, sappy, semicamp records to their discredit, and now they return to plague the pop world once more as part of the British white disco craze sometimes referred to as "new romantics." Another vinyl waste.



The Fun Boy Three

(Chrysalis CHR 1383)

When news started to circulate that the Specials had broken up, it seemed that yet another great English group had succumbed to the pressures of that country's extremely fickle fashion/pop scene. Fun Boy Three, fortunately, proves that the wit and chops of the Specials have not disappeared, because the trio is comprised of the Specials' nucleus—Terry Hall, Neville Staples and Lynval Golding. The sound here is more varied than the Specials' music, but is marked by the same drive and playing expertise, especially on such toe tappers as "The Lunatics" and "Faith, Hope & Charity." "It Ain't What You Do" and "The Telephone Always Rings" demonstrate that the Fun Boys can turn a single with every bit as catchy a hook as their previous band.

Tear It Up—Live

Black Uhuru
(Mango MLPS 9696)

The great reggae band Black Uhuru is caught here during their '81 European tour playing a selection of their songs, including "Guess Who's Coming to Dinner," "I Love King Selassie" and "Sinsemilla." Michael Rose delivers powerful lead vocals throughout, and the sinuous rhythm section led by the ubiquitous Robbie Shakespeare on bass and Sly Dunbar on drums keeps the dub backing at a steady churn throughout the proceedings. The greatest moment comes when Robbie and Sly kick into an instrumental vamp at the end of "Leaving for Zion," which climaxes with a powerful series of drumrolls from Sly.



Big Science

Laurie Anderson
(Warner Bros. BSK 36740)

Great White North

Bob & Doug McKenzie
(Mercury SRM-1-4034)

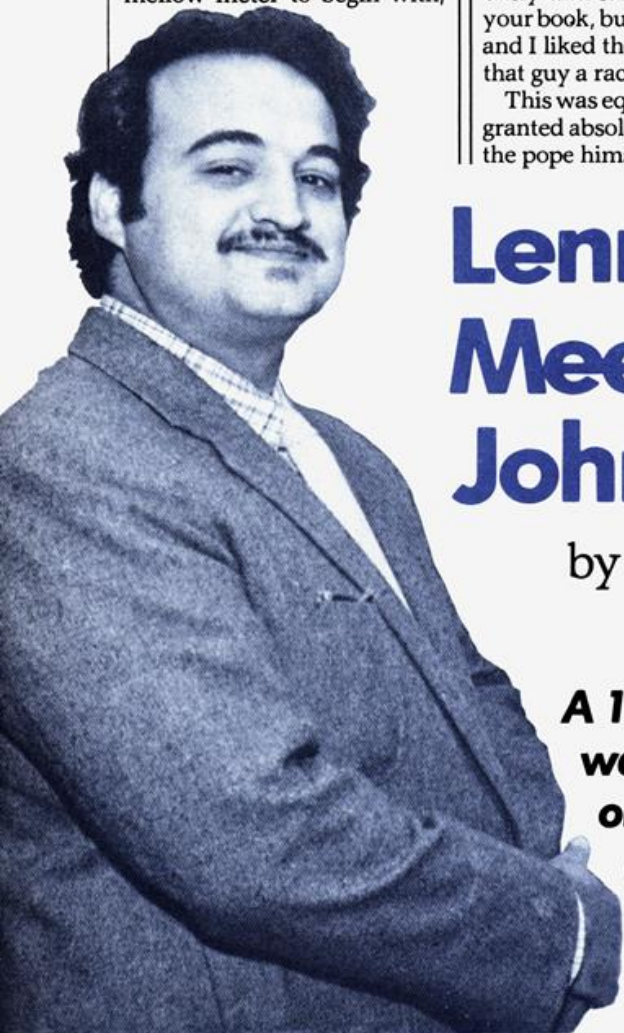
These are the two hottest cult albums of the season. The former appeals to the community of self-proclaimed artists who like to spend their time outside of the *patisserie* and the health club bemoaning the alienation and meaninglessness of modern society. The latter appeals to drinkers and people who like to laugh at dumb and slapstick humor. Taken together, the records are the ultimate political litmus test. If you like one, you are certain to hate the other. You might hate both of them, but you certainly won't like both of them. It's a great test because they both rely on similar ideas. Laurie and Bob and Doug spend most of their respective records making funny noises and using electronic recording techniques to make them interesting. Laurie points out her connection with *Artforum* proudly; Bob and Doug point out, "There are a lot of ideas in here, so don't get stuck." But the real giveaway is that Laurie steals part of Bob and Doug's "Coo roo coo coo, coo coo coo coo" theme on her title track, "Big Science," although she changes it to "Coo coo... Ooo coo coo." Maybe if she added "Take-off" it would work better.

—John Swenson □

...and
if you
live,
your
time
will
come.
—Mose
Allison

The reason I once decided to eat a hash brownie before going on the Mike Douglas show was that a train took two hours to get from New York to Philadelphia, and that was exactly how long it would take for the brownie to come on. So I know an omen when I ingest it.

Now I'm fairly high on the mellow meter to begin with,



and the hashish merely served to intensify the serenity of my demeanor, yet I allowed something offensive said by another guest on the show to break through the haze and press my self-righteousness button. I lost my countercultural cool.

Character actor Jesse White is best known for his starring role in the Maytag commercials. He plays the part of a lonely man who's supposed to repair washing machines for a living, only his brand is so superbly manufactured that no one ever calls him. He's a veritable folk hero among video housewives, and I had to insult him publicly. I don't even remember what he said that triggered my response. I just recall blurting out, "You're a Jesse White racist!"

How could I have indulged in such nerdlike aggression? And on network television! I brooded in private purgatory.

Months later, while looking for a job on the writing staff of the original "Saturday Night Live," I was sitting in Michael O'Donoghue's office. Suddenly, John Belushi charged through the doorway like a satyr in a headshop. He rushed toward me, shook hands vigorously and said, "I never read your book, but I saw you on TV and I liked the way you called that guy a racist."

This was equivalent to being granted absolution for a sin by the pope himself.

After returning to San Francisco, I mailed Belushi a few choice copies of *The Realist*. He sent back a note thanking me and saying that he didn't read them—"too many words"—but that he knew it was good stuff because Michael O'Donoghue told him so.

However, when I reviewed *The Blues Brothers* in *HIGH TIMES* [Nov. '82] as though I were the film critic for *Car and Driver* magazine—featuring the Dodge Monaco as true protagonist—I heard from Belushi again: "Hey, I finally read something you wrote."

Although "Saturday Night Live" producer Lorne Michaels had told me in his office that he'd call, he never got around to it. Several years and a couple of producers later, I was finally invited to submit material.

I had been head writer for a Home Box Office special taking off on the 1980 presidential election campaign, with Steve Allen as anchor-host. HBO is owned by Time-Life, and although they said they wanted hard-hitting satire, what they really wanted was refried cotton candy. The frustration of that experience drove me back to performing as a stand-up comic, where it's just you and the audience, direct and unfiltered.

So now I sent "Saturday Night Live" a dozen pages of

controversial humor—dealing with abortion rights and Guatemalan rebels, with drug paraphernalia and arms sales to both Egypt and Israel—figuring that I would not hear from them again. Which was okay; I didn't want to be hired on false premises.

But supervising producer Bob Tischler did call, saying that they liked the content, but that producer Dick Ebersol wanted to see a couple of sketches so they could be sure I knew how to work with the form. "But don't change your point of view," he emphasized. I was elated.

Next day came the news of John Belushi's death. I tried to keep my balance between celebration and mourning, until the two emotions blended into one process. I decided to see his last movie, *Neighbors*. I knew it was not supposed to be a cinematic masterpiece, but I went as a personal pilgrimage.

Belushi had maintained a consistent passion for anarchistic behavior, from the slob in *Animal House* who transformed himself into a human zit, to the reporter in *Continental Divide* who brought romance to a new level by marrying the woman he loved, even though they would live far apart due to differing lifestyles.

In *Neighbors*, there is a scene where Belushi is being sucked down into quicksand. Dan Aykroyd refuses to help unless he "admits" that he *willed* a bath towel to fall off Aykroyd's seductive wife. Belushi's desire to survive forces the false confession just before his head goes under; then Aykroyd rescues him.

It reminded me of the time Manson family member Sandra Good told me how she had a fantasy of killing "the gray people"—ordinary citizens (such as the kind Belushi portrays in *Neighbors*)—so that they could experience "the total now," thanks to her delusions of altruism, at that final moment. And indeed, the Belushi character decides to run away with the unconventional Aykroyd pair because they have given him a rare taste of excitement, sadism notwithstanding.

Back in real life, Belushi and Aykroyd had been scheduled

Lenny Bruce Meets John Belushi

by Paul Krassner

A 12-year-old boy was watching Belushi's funeral on the news. "Samurai corpse," he announced.

to appear at the Academy Awards to present the Oscar for best visual effects.

If Andy Kaufman is the Son of Sam of comedy, John Belushi could become the James Dean of comedy, a metaphor that might have applied to Lenny Bruce (who died to make the world safe for "Saturday Night Live"). But Lenny remains an abstract reference because there is hardly any visual record of his work, just two out-of-context appearances on the old Steve Allen show, and a film of his performance at the Off-Broadway (now a live porno theater) in San Francisco, when his creative energy was somewhat diverted into reading legal documents to the audience.

The perception of Lenny Bruce today is often limited to imagery of Dustin Hoffman sniveling his way through the film *Lenny*. There was even a soundtrack album of Dustin doing Lenny complaining about district attorneys perverting his act in court.

Lenny used to think it was just the competitive egos of cops that got him busted for obscenity and dope in one city af-

ter another, but shortly before his death he went to the San Francisco office of the FBI, asking them to investigate a conspiracy against him by police departments around the country. The request was acted upon by placing it in his own FBI file.

For years I believed that Lenny's heroin overdose was murder, but I eventually tracked down his final connection, and it turned out to be his own stepfather, Tony Viscarra (who recently died from shooting up cocaine). Lenny's mother, Sally Marr, comforted Tony in my presence: "Listen, if you had wanted the dope, Lenny would've gotten it for you."

Such compassion was inherited by her son and became the living underbelly of his every satirical thrust.

Now, somewhere in comedy heaven, Lenny Bruce greets John Belushi: "You can't live your whole life on applause." Belushi replies, "Wise up, Lenny!" And the two spirits embrace.

A week after Belushi's death, I was performing at the Kumbwa Jazz Club in Santa Cruz. Opening for me was Jim

Morris, an impressionist who does Ronald Reagan holding a press conference with questions from the audience. Someone called out, "Why did you have the CIA kill John Belushi?" Reagan was at a loss for the appropriate answer.

Belushi's final connection was Kathy Smith, described by *People* magazine as "a 34-year-old rock 'n' roll gofer known in L.A. for years as a dealer in heroin and cocaine." She is planning to sue for libel. It would have been more accurate to describe her as a *supplier*. According to friends, she has turned down \$10,000 from the *National Enquirer* for her version of the story.

She had been arrested a year ago in Beverly Hills for drugs in her car, and was on probation when Belushi died. There is speculation that she was being protected by the police because of her informer potential. Cynicism ranges from "Kathy is ruined in this town," to "What a great ad for her." It is simply a matter of fear versus status.

ABC News led their report with Belushi's death (a heart attack was still considered the possible cause), and that same evening "Nightline" devoted itself to covering the tragedy

culminating with a sketch from "Saturday Night Live" in which Belushi, repeating the phrases of a foreign-language instructor, collapses from an imitative heart attack.

Choking on food was another possible cause. Would NBC News show Belushi doing his classic Liz Taylor choking to death while gorging on a chicken drumstick?

When the truth came out about his drug overdose, would CBS News feature the sketch where his nose and mouth are covered with white powder? Or the one in a Greek restaurant where Coca-Cola replaces the Pepsi machine and Belushi shouts: "Coke! Coke! Coke! Coke! . . ."

On March 9th, a Cable News Network voice-over was saying, "Comedian John Belushi was buried today," *actually* accompanied by that scene from *Neighbors* where Belushi is sinking into the quicksand.

It was beyond bad taste. It was, in fact, a moment of transcendental irreverence. For that is precisely the legacy of John Belushi.

A 12-year-old boy was watching Belushi's funeral on the news, and somehow couldn't quite totally separate Belushi's dead body from just another "Saturday Night Live" sketch about to unfold.

"Samurai corpse," he announced.

Then he turned to his slightly dismayed mother and added, "I'll bet John Belushi would've liked that." □

Paul Krassner's main claim to infamy was The Realist (1958-74); he is currently working on an unauthorized autobiography.

Now, somewhere in comedy heaven, Lenny Bruce meets John Belushi and the two spirits embrace.



The Thing, 1951: A small cluster of USAF officers, scientists and one reporter in an isolated Antarctic outpost; a few huts and an airfield in the annihilating cold. A downed UFO. A being frozen in an ice slab, escaping when the slab melts. An "intellectual carrot," purely vegetable, with no emotions or feelings, thriving on blood and reproducing itself like plant spores. Killing them off, one by one. The crazed scientist, trying to preserve it; preserve its seedlings. The surviving USAF officers trapped at the end of a darkening corridor. The Thing, battering its way through, toward the last humans in its way. Closer, closer... the darkness. The electric arc... Again, the darkness...

The Thing—based on John W. Campbell's 1938 classic, "Who Goes There?"; produced (and quasi-directed) by Howard Hawks—is a genuine movie sci-fi classic, a milestone of '50s paranoia. On close inspection, the monster (James Arness in a sort of bulky jump suit) may not have ripped your head up much, but the movie itself dredged up all the primal fears of its time: science running amok; mysterious, alien intruders from other countries, other planets; the death of feeling; alienation; entrapment; slaughter and bloodshed as a matter of cold policy.

The Thing crystallized those terrors; it still does.

Writer-director John Carpenter—modern movie maestro of suspense and horror—so admires *The Thing* that he put it on the TV set that Jamie Lee Curtis watches throughout much of the bloody B blockbuster *Halloween*. Now, with producer Stuart Cohen and screenwriter Bill Lancaster (Burt's son and the author of *The Bad News Bears*), Carpenter has remade the classic—not by copying Hawks's (as Carpenter admits) unimprovable classic, but by going back to Campbell's original story, which has, in some ways, an even more terrifying premise. Campbell's original *Thing* is not only apparently indestructible; it can reproduce itself as clones of the human members of the party—killing them, taking their place, luring others to their doom and killing and replacing them. Finally...

Carpenter has been fantastic at creating moods of claustrophobia, paranoia, entrapment; slow, inexorable death on tiptoe: The funky astronauts on a drifting spaceship of *Dark Star*; the police, besieged by a psychopathic teen gang in *Assault on Precinct 13*; the suburban teenagers, prey to an invincible psycho-slasher maniac in *Halloween*; the whole California coastal town succumbing to *The Fog*; and a hideous dystopian blood-drenched future Manhattan in *Escape from New York*. In *The Thing* (based on

what I saw of the product reel) he may have outdone himself. The situation is quintessential terror: 12 men, trapped, besieged, beset upon by an invincible menace—and *never knowing which of them the monster has taken over*. One by one, hour by hour, they die, with no relief in sight. No hope, no help from the outside world, no defenses. A female friend of mine literally could not walk down the street where she lived, after dark, for a year after she saw *Halloween*, without shuddering. *The Thing* may shoot similar antarctic frissons through the rest of the streets in the rest of the country.

What does Carpenter have to say about his movies and their grisly aftertaste? He's surprisingly mild-spoken, affable, considerate. Here he is on *The Thing*—and other things.

HIGH TIMES: How do you feel about *The Thing*?

CARPENTER: I'm really happy with it. I'm extremely happy with it.

HIGH TIMES: Could you talk about the relationship of your movie to Howard Hawks's 1951 *The Thing*?

CARPENTER: I thought that the only reason to make *The Thing* was to go back to the original short story (John W. Campbell, Jr.'s "Who Goes There?") and not try to remake Howard Hawks's film: an excellent movie, which couldn't be much improved upon—except maybe to update the design of

the monster. So we went right back to the short story, which has an entirely different kind of plot.

HIGH TIMES: What are you trying to do with this new version?

CARPENTER: I'm trying to make a really good monster movie. I think they're the hardest thing to do.

HIGH TIMES: What are you most conscious of: character, thematic, atmosphere? Or just trying to give people a big jolt?

CARPENTER: Obviously, I try to do all those things. Mood and style and effect is very important to this kind of movie. When you're doing a monster movie, you can't be lyrical. It's got to be strong. And monster movies can be *dreadful*. They can be just awful. And there have been too many awful ones, and very few good ones. So, we're sensitive in that area: trying to make it convincing.

HIGH TIMES: What are some of the "very good ones"—monster movies you like?

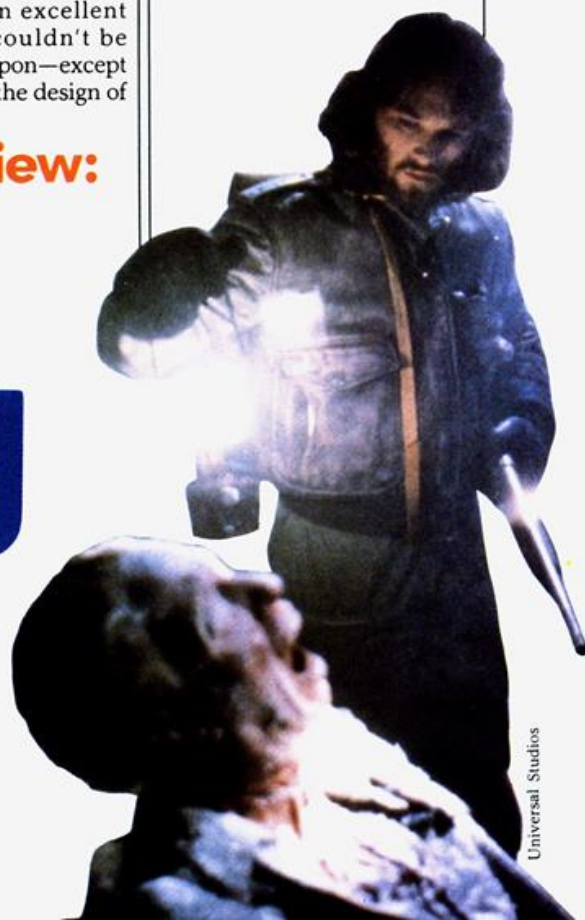
CARPENTER: I liked [the original] *The Thing*. I liked *Them*—the one about the giant ant. I enjoyed parts of *Alien*, which is a monster movie pure and simple. Mostly I loved the monster movies of the '50s. They really had a sense of wonder about them, whereas now

The Thing

Sneak Preview:

by Michael Wilmington

High Times talks to writer-director John Carpenter



they have to dig up terrible stuff to make it work. *Them* and *The Thing* are probably my favorites.

HIGH TIMES: How does your *The Thing* differ from your other films?

CARPENTER: Well, I feel it's more intense; I feel it's more real. I went for a basic realism, and tried not to stylize it much, because I feel that the monster is so outrageously stylized throughout the entire film that the context of reality had to be very solid.

HIGH TIMES: What would you like to do in the future?

CARPENTER: I'd love to do comedies, musicals, war films. Mainly Westerns; I'd love to do Westerns.

HIGH TIMES: Do you have trouble selling that kind of project to studios? Are you typed as a horror director?

CARPENTER: Trouble? Well, it's hard to say. I don't really think so. I don't consider myself a horror director. I don't

think the people I work for do. I don't think *Escape from New York*'s a horror movie. Nor do I think *Elvis* is a horror film—or *Someone's Watching Me*. *Halloween* certainly was; *The Fog* was; and this one is a monster movie. But they all have certain elements in common: tension and suspense.

HIGH TIMES: Could you talk about your next projects more specifically?

CARPENTER: I just got a go on *Firestarter*, from the Stephen King novel, and I don't consider that a horror film. I've got a Western called *El Diablo*. I want to do a Vietnam movie called *Nam*. And I have a science fiction film called *The Stars My Destination*.

HIGH TIMES: Oh, Alfred Bester—great book.

CARPENTER: Yup. The greatest. And, really, that's about all that's cookin'.

HIGH TIMES: Could you tell me which directors you like—besides Hawks, Hitchcock and Ford, the ones everybody sees in your work?

CARPENTER: Polanski and Buñuel. I like [George] Romero and [David] Cronenberg; I think they're pretty

good. I'm trying to get Romero into the Hollywood system a little bit: working out a deal where I produce a film for him. To go back into the past, some of Fritz Lang's work, some of Max Ophuls's work.

HIGH TIMES: Would you like to do something as flamboyant and romantic and elaborate as Max Ophuls?

CARPENTER: Probably not. I just admire his guts in being able to move the camera in every single shot: just being in love with the dolly track.

HIGH TIMES: Do you see any relief in sight for the problems working directors and writers have getting decent projects together?

CARPENTER: Oh, it's bad times for the movie business right now. I think when there are good times—when everything is doing well, and the economy is doing well—it's easier. It's easier for everybody. It's very difficult now. And movies, when they cost a lot of money, they *have* to make a lot of money. And when they don't, it really hurts. A lot of the films that have failed in the last few years have hurt the creative end. I mean, *Heaven's Gate* hurt directors real bad. I think what a director wants to do is get control over his films; so that he is the artistic force behind it, and no one meddles with him. And I think it's kind of a career-long struggle of all directors... well, you know, sometimes they're more willing to give it to you

than others. And when a film of that magnitude—with a director's "artistic control"—when it *bombs* like that, you have a real problem.

HIGH TIMES: When I saw the uncut *Heaven's Gate* in New York, the audience gave it an ovation. And throughout the movie, people were yelling "Fuck Vincent Canby!" [Ed. note: Canby is the New York Times film critic who lambasted *Heaven's Gate* on its opening.]


CARPENTER: Were they? Yeah. That was pretty devastating of him, wasn't it? That was one of the most unbelievable reviews I've ever read in my life.

HIGH TIMES: You haven't really done anything light or funny since *Dark Star*. Would you like to?

CARPENTER: Yeah, I would. It's just that—those are the kinds of films that I'm hired to make. I think it changed with *Assault on Precinct 13*—I had that sort of dark view for a while—and then it culminated in *Halloween*. I think there's humor in *The Thing*. I think there's humor in *all* my films. I guess it's not quite as obvious as *Dark Star*. Maybe I had a better sense of humor back then.

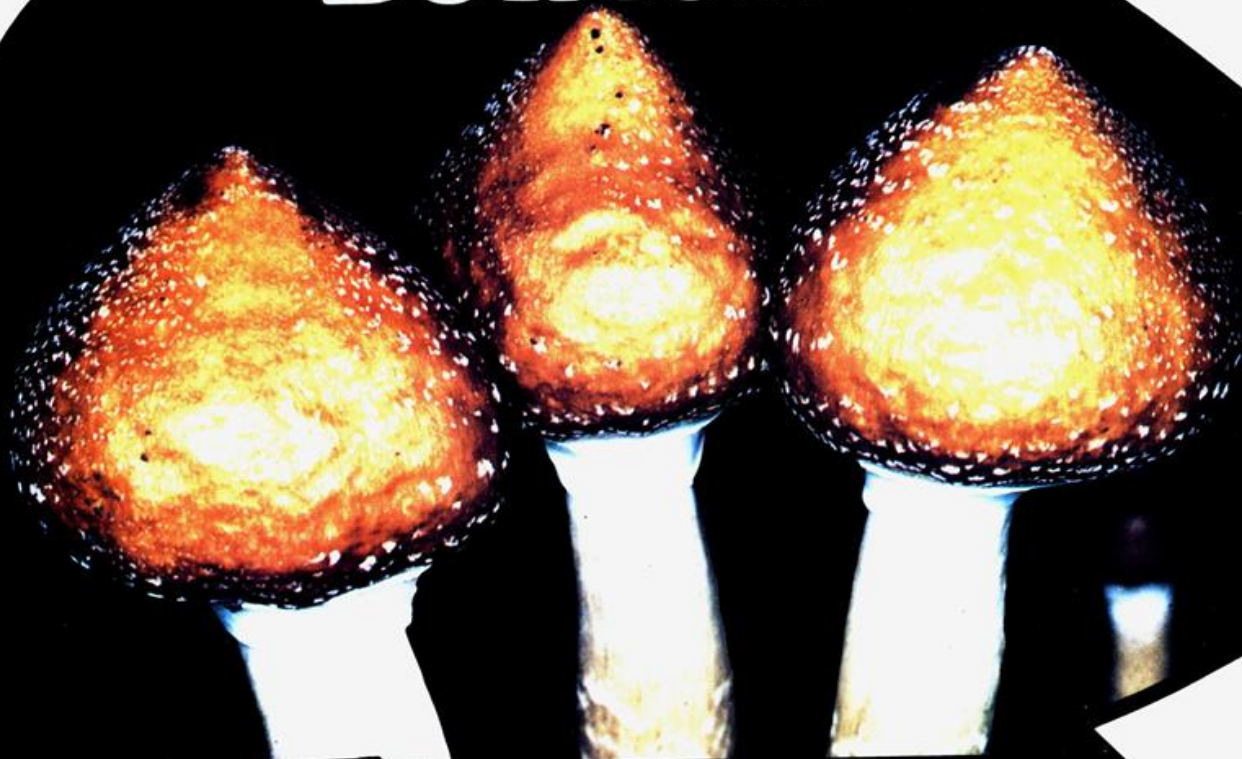
HIGH TIMES: Does the intense paranoia and claustrophobia you're so good at visualizing reflect your view of the world?

CARPENTER: Absolutely. That's the way I see life. For all of us. □



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